

ROLLING STONE

ACME

MAY 3, 1969

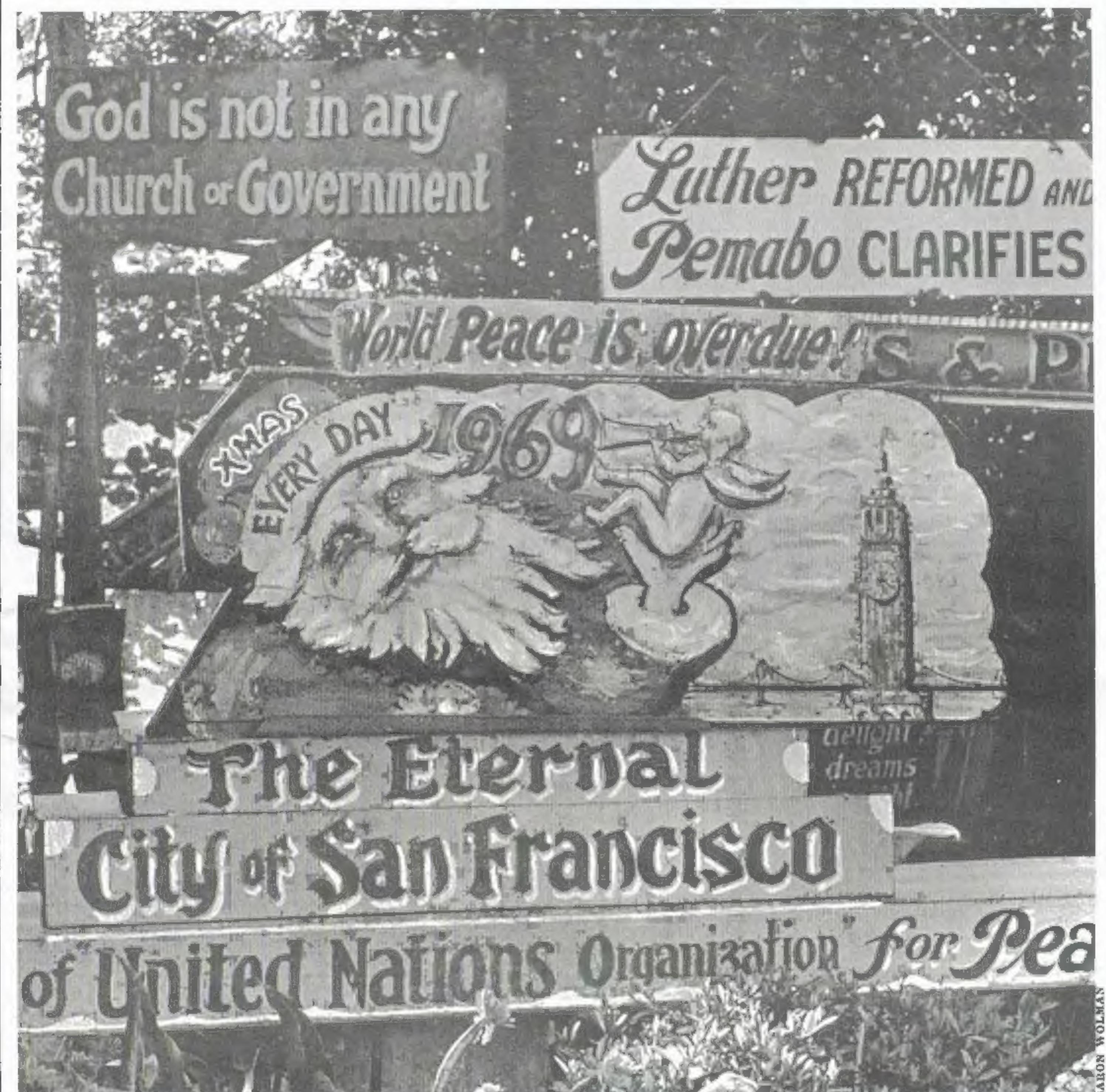
No. 32

UK:

A Last Look at Traffic:
'Who Knows What
Tomorrow May Bring?'

Morrison Surrenders
Fillmore West
To Close Up





The garden of Pemabo's delights other sightseers and the story by Tom Albright, starting Page 24. Visuals

BARON WOLMAN

VACATIONING IN PALM SPRINGS: A REAL LARK

BY JERRY HOPKINS

PALM SPRINGS—Thousands of vacationing students battled with police here Easter week, leaving two students hospitalized with gunshot wounds and dozens of others injured, some seriously. Focal point of the violence was this resort town's first (and probably last) pop festival.

Police said the two who were shot—a 16-year-old boy from Venice, Calif., and a 20-year-old girl from Bermuda Dunes, Calif.—were fired upon by a service station owner after hundreds of youngsters roamed through his station, spraying the streets with gasoline and breaking windows with rocks and bottles.

A few hundred yards away, inside Angels Stadium, an estimated 12,000 were watching the Ike and Tina Turner Revue, one of eight acts performing in the second day of the two-day schedule of musical events. Only a few were aware of what was happening outside.

The shooting incident was the worst of several that plagued this small (population: 21,000) desert town, as between 20,000 and 30,000 students made their annual pilgrimage to Palm Springs to lie in the sun, drink beer, smoke dope and grab chicks. The unusually large influx was blamed on oil pollution on beaches where California students normally vacation. As a result, arrests, mostly for alcohol and drug violations—one rape was reported—were up 105% over 1968. Palm Springs was described by one official as "one huge sleeping bag," and by the local newspaper editor as a "hobo jungle."

Long before the students arrived in this monied, conservative community (Sinatra's home now, remember), the Palm Springs Pop Festival and San Andreas Boogie seemed a swell idea. Townspeople have traditionally welcomed the vacationing students, but have also worried about how they'd behave. So the festival seemed a good way to

keep them off the street for two nights.

This hypothesis proved only half-correct. Thousands were kept away from six until after midnight both days. But other thousands either declined to pay the \$4.50 admission or didn't have money enough to do so, and found other playgrounds.

The first night—when the concert was held in a drive-in theater and John Mayall was appearing, with the Paul Butterfield Band and Procol Harum among others—uncounted hundreds crashed the gate, either climbing the drive-in walls or breaking through them. (One even drove his car through the board fence.) This resulted in the first clashes with police, who until then had generally limited their activities to traffic flow and only the most outrageous law violators.

Early the next day town officials went into emergency session to decide what to do. Rigid parking and camping regulations were passed, to make it difficult

for students to remain in the area. Hundreds of citations were issued, meanwhile, and quickly the Palm Springs jail and those in several outlying communities filled up, as nearly 200 police were brought from surrounding areas to join this resort's 55-man force.

Even so, harassment was really minimal and it wasn't until the crowds outside the stadium became violent Wednesday night that police themselves got tough. Even reporters from several "underground" newspapers present generally agreed that the youthful vacationers asked for much of the trouble they got.

Many also agreed with B. Mitchell Reed, a Los Angeles disc jockey who announced from the stage: "The producers made a lot of money here and if they throw any concerts in the future, they ought to make provisions for people who don't have enough bread to get in. Maybe they should have done this today."

—Continued on Page 6

Albert King 252
POUNDS
OF ELECTRIC
MUSIC

ON FIVE & HALF FOZ'S.
OF NEW ALBUM!

albert king years gone by

PLUS.
"2 TONS
of Electric AX"





"Julian"

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

After reading ROLLING STONE's "special report" in the 5 April 1969 issue—American Revolution 1969—I can only conclude that your editors have succumbed to the clutches of paranoia for having printed such a trite and pointless series of articles.

It is truly unfortunate that ROLLING STONE should devote its pages to the delirious propaganda and rancorous political diatribes of Messrs. Rossman, Williams, Berlandi, and Murray. What was once essentially a well-written rock magazine I hope has not turned into an open-forum for political extremists.

C. K. LENDT
 WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.

SIRS:

Your American Revolution 1969 really says it like it is, but I would like to take issue with one point: the "soft containment" of the encounter (at Davis, for example) may well be misdirected at times; it certainly would tend to steal some of the fuel from activism. You should know, however, that a few (not many) of the people who are engaged in encounters and similar experiences and experiments are actually finding their own way of liberation.

A fundamental question raised en route is, "What's the use of busting your ass in activism? It doesn't count for much in the end, anyway." Not that I'm against improvement—but the way to get something done is to play the social game and con the shmucks; after all, it's still the only game in town. So play or drop out. Consider the latter.

JOHN COVELL
 BERKELEY

SIRS:

Ralph Gleason is certainly more than a bit naive when he speaks of America's youth being radicalized by the rock poets. The people who bought the Dylan albums were those who had the awareness in the first place to realize that the U.S. wasn't exactly the land of the free and the home of the brave. And you show me who changed their political views after listening to "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues."

The Beatles? Their only real political statement has been on "Revolution," and as far as the Doors and the Traffic are concerned, their music, like almost all of rock, is played mostly at apolitical parties and dances.

If Gleason wants to belabor his point, he can mention the positive role people like Phil Ochs or Pete Seeger have played in raising funds for Movement causes, or the work Joan Baez has done in helping the Resistance. But what really disturbs me is the anti-intellectual attitude Gleason displays in his article, "Songs Would Do More Than Books." I'm sorry to awaken Mr. Gleason from his sleep-learning, but anyone who thinks that the answers we're looking for can be found in a rock couplet, does not know where the New Left is at now.

We don't need Herbert Marcuse writing songs: Mr. Gleason, wake up.

EDWARD HOFFMANN
 ITHACA, NEW YORK

SIRS:

Ralph's column "Perspectives: Is There a Death Wish in the U.S.?" is the best piece of writing on the subject of "the revolution" that I have yet encountered. It is apt, incisive, and intensely human. Where it's really at, as Gleason so perceptively points out, is not politics but in poetics. Certainly Dylan will do more to change the course of future history than all the SDS chapters combined.

JAC HOLZMAN
 ELEKTRA RECORDS

SIRS:

You may be interested to know of another aspect of the deathwish. Some friends of my mother keep telling her that they are glad that they are old and on the way out because they are afraid of the world that we will create. And all our yesterdays have brought us to this moment. This moment is now . . .

JEFF ZWEIG
 BROOKLYN, N.Y.

SIRS:

Referring to your Revolution Supplement: the article by Michael Rossman struck me as an extremely phony and

pretentious piece of bullshit. He talks about the many injustices suffered by students, and I would not dispute that they exist (having suffered them myself). But when it comes to what the students did, in the way of provocation or retaliation, he sees nothing. Do we hear about bombs being planted at S.F. State, innocent people being harassed and attacked by student demonstrators, or anything like that?

It seems to me that Mr. Rossman and others like him are copying the system they oppose. They lie, falsify, idealize, and above all use a great deal of violence to achieve what they want. Why don't you stop kidding everyone? I can see right through you.

JOHN ANDREW QUINN
 FOREST HILLS, N.Y.

SIRS:

MCS is the best rock and roll available. Most encouraging album released in a long time. Saw the group develop over last several years in Detroit where they are regarded as the best thing ever happened there. Rightly so, they are! Best ever anywhere. Bought the album the day it's released and in two days I start getting letters from friends all over saying get this album that I'm playing already. Imagination! Encouragement, uplift, real rock and roll!

Your reviewer Lester Bang must look funny without ears. "Paucity of ideas" are Lester's words and have more to do with him than with the S. Rock and roll judges the listener, Bang. Imagination! Starship! Starship!

Genuine artists, MCS continue to lay down their incredible music. They've had a large, very large, and devoted audience from first ear experience and word of mouth for over two years. Now they've given us a magnificent album. Long awaited, worthwhile.

DOUGLAS JAMES
 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

SIRS:

Your coverage of the MCS thus far has been characterized, I believe, by a

—Continued on Page 4

Random Notes

Poet Jack Rose read the San Francisco Chronicle story (BEATLE IN BED) said the headline, A PUT-ON HONEYMOON) about John and Yoko's peace-in demonstration at the Amsterdam Hilton and couldn't believe the ha-ha treatment accorded the story. He decided to get the facts for himself, so he placed a phone call (at 3 A.M. San Francisco time) to Holland and soon enough was connected with John. The following is Rose's account of that conversation:

To quote Lennon, here's what's really going down: "We decided to donate a week in bed to peace. A holiday of seven days and seven nights dedicated to peace and growing our hair. People think it's easy to stay in bed for a week. But they say I can't, I have to go to work or some such . . . it's an act of protest we should all partake in. Growing your hair is a good symbol . . . let it grow until it falls out or starts to itch. Stay in bed, have a communal bed and protest together all the violence in the world, all the breaking and smashing of things." They were laying in the super-wide bed of the Presidential Suite and across the cables I could sense a tranquility emanating from his voice, a very personal peace.

"I've given them everything . . . the press . . . everything they wanted to know, the same that I've told you." But this trust was misused and an unnecessary bad light was cast upon the newlyweds, who have enough people on their backs as it is.

The wedding ceremony, March 20th at the Embassy on Gibraltar, was a quiet civil ceremony attended by only one personal friend and a photographer as witnesses. "It really didn't make any difference whether it was a civil or church ceremony, it's all the same. We just wanted to get married as fast as possible, even on a boat. We tried every Embassy, hovering as we were on the edge of Europe, and Gibraltar was the fastest. It was very quiet, and very cunning of us to do it so quietly. Peter Brown arranged everything, and he and the photographer were the only witnesses, except for some of the Embassy staff peeking 'round the door. It was very emotional, a quiet beautiful ceremony . . . Of course it's only a piece of paper and the ceremony was unnecessary, but when you're intellectually in love it's very romantic."

These are the words and feelings of John Lennon on his marriage and honeymoon. As we said our goodbye, he said softly: "Hey, spread it around." And I have. The words shine of humanity as they stand before me.

Salvadore Dali won't be doing the cover for Johnny Winter's Columbia LP after all. Why not? Because he wants too much bread—five thousand dollars, to be exact.

Jefferson Airplane's Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady have been given \$25,000 by RCA Victor as an advance against royalties for recording two albums. This does not mean the San Francisco band is breaking up (yet)—merely that Kaukonen and Casady will be performing and recording as a duo as well as within the established structure of the group. Their first LP is being recorded now, along with the Airplane's sixth, in Wally Heider's San Francisco studio, leased by the band for the month of March.

The guitarist and bass player also will be performing in concert April 12 at the Veterans Memorial Auditorium in Santa Rosa, top-billed over Poco (formerly Pogo), Los Angeles country-rock band. Kaukonen and Casady have not decided what they will call themselves (other than Kaukonen & Casady, or Casady & Kaukonen), but present plans do not include the addition of a drummer or other sidemen. They have been playing together as a duo in recent months at the Matrix, the Bay Area club where the Airplane got its start two and a half years ago.

Our man in Los Angeles has learned while preparing a history of rock and roll that Albert Grossman will not permit any writer to quote the lyrics of a song by his top client (Bob Dylan) without first forking over \$1,000 in

cold, hard cash. The writer must also delete at least one verse of the song—because Grossman feels that if all the words appear in one book or article, the kids will stop buying the sheet music. Our man in Los Angeles isn't using any Dylan lyrics in his book (forthcoming from Signet); he says he believes he needs the \$1,000 per song more than Mr. Grossman.

Sign in poet and head Fug Ed Sanders' Peace Eye Bookstore in New York's East Village: "Thieves! This store is protected by a genital-devouring, ringtailed fruit bat."

After nearly a year of relative inactivity (save for some studio work as a sideman and composing a commercial for Datsun), Van Dyke Parks has jumped back into the record production bag and currently is co-producing Arlo Guthrie's third LP. Parks, who is producing the album with Lenny Waronker, staff producer for Warner Bros.-7 Arts, says Guthrie has written much more material than would fit on a single disc, so "we're just getting everthing down we can. We will be recording steadily for the next several weeks," he says, "then we'll go back and sort things out."

Parks' talent as a composer is evidenced on the Beach Boys' latest LP, 20/20, as a result of a brief alliance between Parks and Brian Wilson last fall, his first collaboration with Wilson since working with him on what became *Smiley Smile*. Parks co-wrote one song on the new LP, working again with Wilson. Recently issued records on which Parks played piano or harpsichord include Judy Collins' latest and the first from the Gentle Soul.

If you live in New York City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Kansas City, or the nation's capital, keep an eye on the April TV listings for *Gettin' It All Together*, a syndicated 60-minute special featuring Booker T. and the MG's, Sam and Dave, and Carla Thomas. Also included in the program, which was produced by WNEW-TV in New York, is a tribute to the late Otis Redding.

Andy Wickham, at Warner Bros.-Seven Arts and Reprise, got a flash not long ago on how to round up country and western talent. The first week of March Mr. Wickham sent a letter to seven California-based trucking firms (and the trucker's union, the Teamsters) that said in part:

"Warner Brothers Records is currently searching diligently for legitimate talent among truckers on the West Coast. I am sure that many of your drivers listen to country music and are more than familiar with the work of such grass-roots performers as Elvis Presley, Waylon Jennings, Dave Dudley and Del Reeves. I am equally sure that amongst your men, there are performers who might be potentially as good.

"We are looking for a young singer along the lines of those mentioned above. He should be under thirty-five, and if interested, should submit to myself at the address at the head of this stationery a tape of his work (the technical quality of the tape is not important) and a photograph."

The letter was addressed to company (Pacific Intermountain Express, Consolidated Freight Ways, etc.) personnel directors, who were asked to post it on bulletin boards where drivers would see it. By month's end, only one trucker had responded, who, according to Mr. Wickham, wasn't quite what WB-7 Arts was looking for. Mr. Wickham is now drafting a letter to rodeo promoters.

Politics: The reliable old California Poll indicates that S. I. Hayakawa—the mad dog president of San Francisco State College who gloats privately of having "crushed" the student strike there—is currently one of the hottest political items in the West. The voters seem to agree with him that the best way of handling the "student problem" is cops. He could, says the poll, win any race from mayor to Senator except the California governorship—and he would

—Continued on Page 6



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LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3
not unusual inability to understand the climate or culture of Detroit, which remains the most explosive city in the nation.

"Revolution is Poetry" exclaimed the surrealist Breton, and for over four years the MC5 have been living by that maxim. I lived near the Five in the Detroit ghetto, and heard the midnight bombs blasting their commune apart.

The MC5 are serious revolutionaries, and John Sinclair—for all his hulking, almost crude, simplicity—has a profound grasp of the theory of revolution, art, and media. In their efforts to radicalize white youth, the White Panthers—the political arm of the Five's philosophy—have been publishing broadsheets as well as books, organizing underground papers as well as visiting high schools. The emphasis is on obtaining access to, and building, media in order to liberate kids from the false consciousness perpetrated upon them by their parents and the authorities.

We grew up with hard rock and roll, and before Carl Perkins and Little Richard became vogue again, Sinclair and I were taking old records and dope into the college classroom to explain how rock has been integrally related to the rebellion of our generation.

Well how far does it go, man? How far can rock and roll be pushed? The MC5 say to the wall—to revolution in our lives, leading to revolution in our institutions.

The MC5's first album should be judged in perspective, as the first album of a knowledgeable group breaking into—and trying to lead the public into—a new thing. (Some of the tapes of the Five recorded in Detroit bars with black jazz groups like Lyman Woodard is incredible.)

Kick Out the Jams is hardly a flawless album, but the extraordinary cuts, including "Come Together," suggest a power that has not been heard in rock for a decade. If the Five's second album lives up to its potential, it may predicate a new direction in rock, and a reversal of the present counterfeit trend toward pseudo-serious, pseudo-hip, commercialized "super" rock.

The power structure—including the rock establishment—is vitally interested in supressing the MC5, the only group in America that is dedicated first to our revolutionary culture, and then to our music as an extension of that cul-

ture. What other group would have the balls to run a full-page ad reading "Kick out the Jams Motherfucker, and if the store won't sell you the MC5, kick the doors down!"

I hope ROLLING STONE doesn't come to identify with and be an apologist for the genteel hip-capitalist establishment.

ART JOHNSON, WHITE PANTHER
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

I was particularly intrigued to note that on the back page of your Revolution Supplement, there appeared an ad for the MC5 album while in the regular issue it was bombed without mercy.

It seems to me that the MC5 represent everything that was discussed in Revolution 1969; it was appropriate to let them have the "last word," so to speak. The reviewer seems to be under the impression that the MC5 decided to play after seeing *Wild in the Streets* (which was actually a feeble attempt to cash in on what's going on). The Five have been around for a while, long before that. The MC5 cannot really be discussed in terms of an LP (this is, however, not an attempt to apologize for it), since they are a "live" phenomenon. The fact is that the Five are in the tradition of Trane and Saunders, but in their own way—the energy level, the belief in what they are doing, is comparable.

Sure, the MC5 are "primitive," but they represent and reflect what's going on in the U.S. (this from my Canadian vantage point). They are a group and play and live accordingly; they are not the best musicians around, and do not pretend to be. Their music is much more satisfying to me than the Cream's ego-tripping bullshit (the Cream are certainly not the top musicians either).

JOHN MCCABE
TORONTO, CANADA

MR.:

Civilization has carried the millstone of violence for many thousands of years. I had once hoped that our generation would be the one to end violence throughout the world. Now I realize that we too have the same weakness as our fathers. We too use violence. The ideals of pacifism and non-violence have no exceptions. Let us reconsider our tactics before our fate is sealed.

JEFF EYRICH
SAN FRANCISCO

"The Byrds are able to do something most people don't even know about."—Bob Dylan

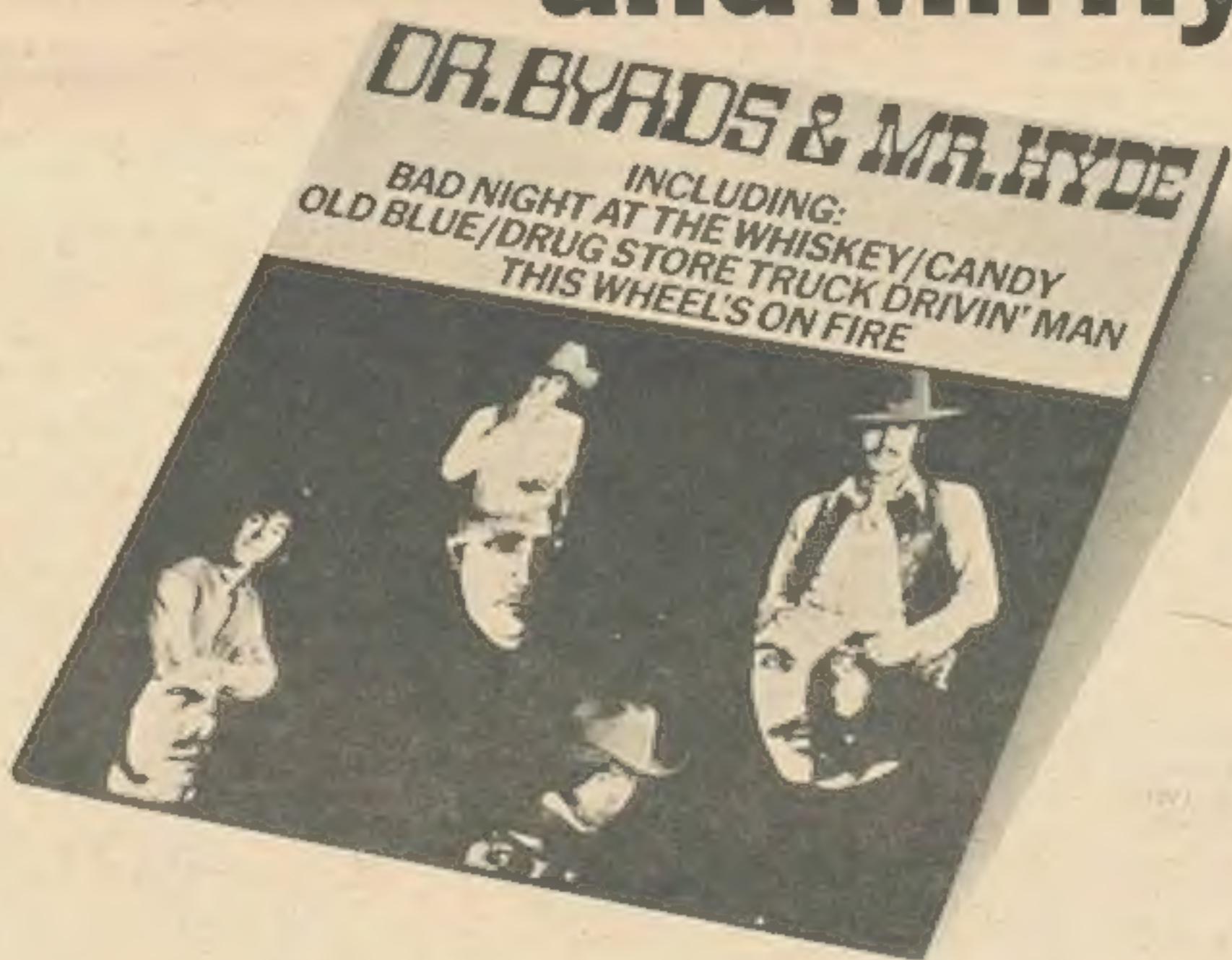
"America's answer to The Beatles.... Their album 'Mr. Tambourine Man' is simple, direct and honest"—Digby Diehl, *Eye Magazine*

"This album's ('The Notorious Byrd Brothers') got The Byrds more on top of the energy scene than ever... the most extensive heaven rock survey ever.... One of the few magic bands."—Sandy Pearlman, *Crawdaddy*

"I play 'Sweetheart of the Rodeo' by the Byrds continuously. It's melted into my mind like a country 'Rubber Soul'."—Richard Goldstein, *Village Voice*

They've done it before...

And they've done it again with their latest album, "Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde"



"While there is an underlying consistency to all their work, The Byrds have a capacity to grow in a way uncommon to the pop scene. They are always pushing themselves to the next plateau, even with one eye glancing at their past.... Before seeing the group live I played 'Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde' several times and loved it without qualification."—Jon Landau, *Rolling Stone*

Palm Springs Riot: 250 Are Busted

Continued from Page One

Shortly before Reed said this, hundreds outside the stadium walls had been driven away from the area by officers, while a police helicopter circled overhead, its rotors audible above the sound of drums and electric guitars.

The chopper had been used earlier in the day to fly over the scenic mountain regions outside Palm Springs, to warn campers to get out or get arrested.

Perhaps 2,000 drank beer and Ripple, smoked dope, fucked and basked on boulders in the hot sunshine, unconcerned at the hovering presence of the airborne police over Tahquitz Canyon. "Disperse immediately," demanded the helicopter loudspeaker, "you are taking part in an unlawful assembly." That's ridiculous, man," said a College of Marin student, 21-year-old Ray Gilberti. "I think it's a shame the way they are reacting. We're not harming anyone."

There was a lot of brave new world talk. "We're the new breed," proclaimed Mike Henderson, 22, of Long Beach. "Sooner or later we're going to take over the country. Then we'll be able to do what we want to do, and we'll have a peaceful planet."

The concert itself also was well-policed. Officers ringed the stadium walls and the park lights (normally used for night games and not planned for the concert) were turned on by police orders. Dozens—if not hundreds—in the crowd continued to smoke grass openly, just as they had in the darkened drive-in the night before.

The first night, someone had changed the letters around on the marquee in front of the drive-in so "Palm Springs Pop Festival" read "Palm Springs Pot Festival."

It must be noted that police inside the ball park exercised amazing restraint, ignoring the blatant sexual activities, drinking and doping. In the main, they directed their attention toward gate-crashers and halting occasional fist-fights.

Outside the stadium it was a different story. When the scene blew up, there were about 5,000 kids outside the ball park, swarming over nearby parking lots and into the streets and a nearby shopping center. They ran and danced, grumbled about the festival ticket cost and looked for something to do. They also rushed the stadium, looking for a way to get in.

Police turned on a lawn sprinkler system where part of the crowd was gathered, turning a 60-inch searchlight into the youthful eyes. There was some pushing and tugging and soon there were mobs running through the shopping center.

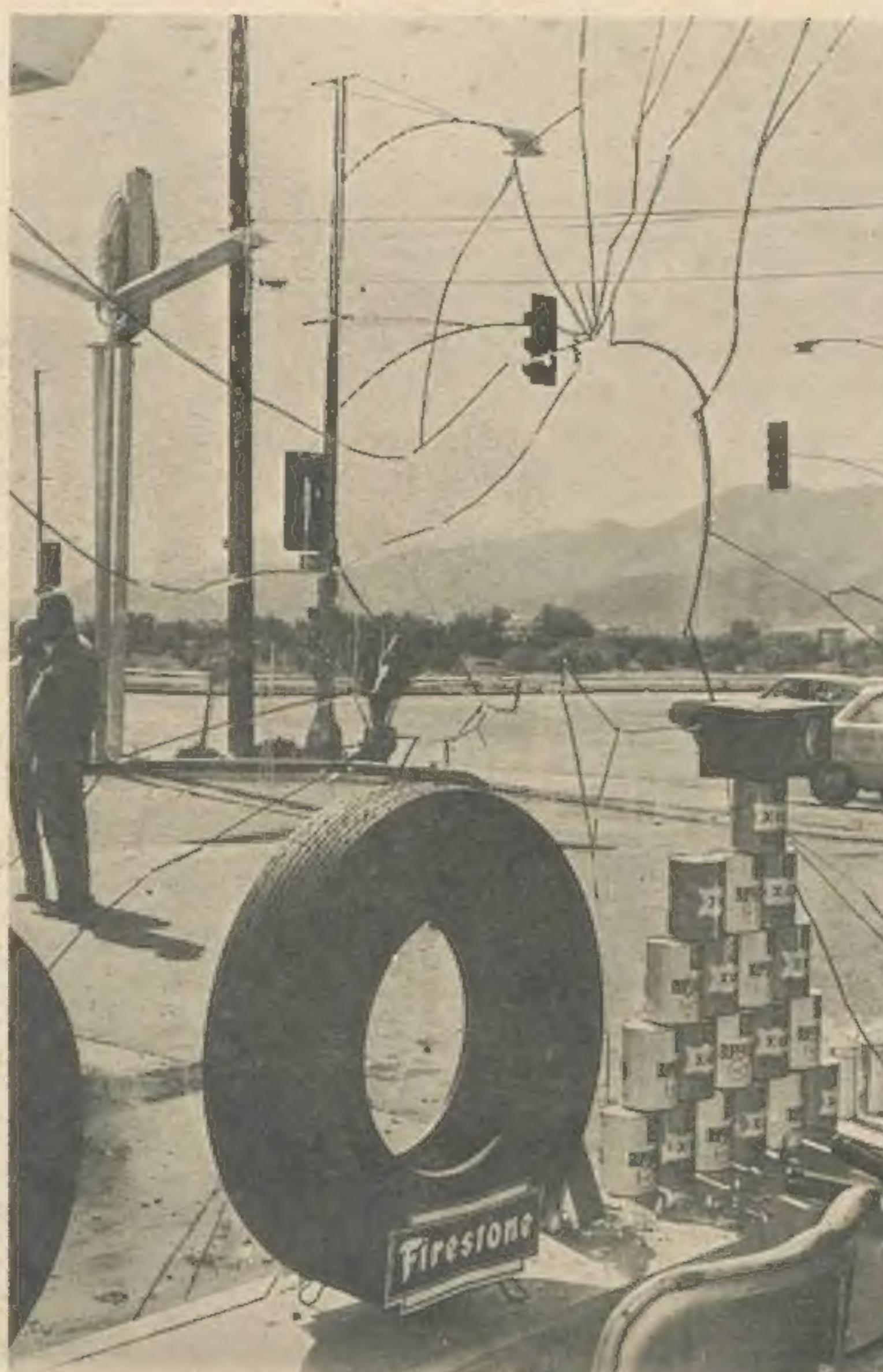
It was particularly hectic at an adjacent Shell gas station, where stones and sand-filled cans and bottles were dense in the air. In short order, all but the station's back windows were broken, and in desperation, the owner reached for his .22 caliber rifle. His two shots hit a 16-year-old boy (who later was reported in serious condition) and a 20-year-old girl (who was struck in one breast).

No charges were lodged against Harlan Moore, the station owner.

There were isolated incidents of indiscriminate (and terrifying) police brutality—as when one ticket-bearing youth tried to get through the police lines and got slammed in the mouth—but for the most part the cops reacted rather than acted.

Predictably, the same thing happened at Palm Springs as has happened at past music festival (notably the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival) where cops vs. kids encounters have developed: the violence is linked to the music, when in fact those who listen to the music and those who raise hell are two different sets of people.

Anyways . . . tear gas cleared the streets of Palm Springs following the shooting, and statisticians began revising their injured-and-arrested totals. In a 48-hour period, the local hospital reported, 146 students had been treated for injuries (ranging from the gunshot wounds to sun poisoning), while police said nearly 250 students had been arrested. Most received 10-day sentences and \$75 fines, with the jail term suspended and the fine reduced to \$35. It was also reported that most of the arrests and injuries took place near the two festival locations.



Gas station after the shooting ended

The first of the concerts, at the Palm Springs Drive-in a few miles north of town, began nearly an hour late (at 7 p.m.) as the sun and a gritty desert wind were replaced by a full moon and a rapidly chilling still air.

Before Procol Harum came on, Timothy Leary was introduced. "Keep it going, smoke it, get it on," he said, giving the peace sign, smiling, splitting. Procol Harum's sustained organ chords occasionally caused one's teeth to ache, but when the pianist-vocalist, Gary Brooker, pointed at the Navy-blue sky and the quartet slipped into "Also Sprach Zarathustra" (popularized in *2001: A Space Odyssey*), the audience had been won.

Mayall came on nearly an hour after the concert was to have ended, played one tune, and then two cops appeared on stage. Suddenly, in the middle of the song, the switch was thrown. Thousands of young people rushed forward, shouting disapproval. The electricity was turned on again and the concert resumed. (Blues Power.) Mayall ended happily and peacefully.

Damage to the theater was extensive, but injuries were minor and incidents few and less malicious than what would come the following night. The stage had been set up at home base; the audience was sprawled over the infield, with scattered picnic-like parties dotted left, right and center fields.

Ike and Tina Turner made their well-rehearsed entrance (with one of the Kings of Rhythm, all of whom were dressed in matching chartreuse outfits, providing the Vegas-lounge-like patter and introductions), and the concert's musical pace doubled, then tripled. The Ikelettes pranced into view in mini-skirts and shook their bottoms and sang. Tina, the sexiest woman in rock and roll, next boogalooed into sight and sang "Son of a Preacher Man," "I've Been Loving You" and talked-and-sang "Respect," telling a long, funny story about how guys and chicks cheat on each other. Then everybody came in on "River Deep, Mountain High."

Overhead the police helicopter was circling and the other side of the ball park walls the cops and kids were busy

hating each other. Most of those present didn't even react when it was announced there had been incidents nearby. It was two different worlds. Savoy Brown, by its last number had everyone present standing, shaking.

But another of the long breaks between acts which had marred the festival intruded and it was nearly half an hour before the Buddy Miles Express got set up. (In this case, poor organization on the part of the concert promoters was worsened by violence on the outside and Miles' drums hadn't arrived.)

At the end of the Miles set, hundreds were flaked out in sleeping bags, having lazy pillow fights, casually looking down in the infield, as someone wandered through the crowd distributing leaflets advertising an upcoming concert in Orange County. When the MC introduced Canned Heat, everyone ran for the stage.

Following the band's first number, 15 minutes before the scheduled midnight shut-off time (which had been extended the night before), Bob "The Bear" Hite, Canned Heat's vocalist, made a brief announcement: "We're gonna do something now that we'd planned to do later. Y' see, I understand we might have a power failure soon, so we're gonna boogie now."

Which is what the thousands remaining in the stadium did. They boogied.

Outside, 200 cops in riot helmets stood sipping soft drinks, gossiping quietly, waiting for something else to happen. Not far away, other cops stood guard near the partially destroyed service station. In Desert Hospital, doctors were refusing to identify their new patients or say how serious the injuries were.

New York Pot

Your Government in Action: The East Village Other reports that the New York State Assembly just passed a bill which would apply the same penalties for the possession and distribution of synthetic pot as it now does for the real stuff.

Electric Factory Ordered Shut

PHILADELPHIA—The Electric Factory, a rock and roll dance hall, has been ordered closed by a Philadelphia judge on the grounds that it is a "public nuisance" and a hangout for drug dealers. It remains open pending an April 22nd appeals hearing.

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) says it is "appalled and dismayed" at Common Pleas Judge Joseph Sloane's injunction. It amounts to a "gross interference with the right of the younger generation to enjoy entertainment that Judge Sloane . . . find(s) distasteful," says an ACLU statement.

Even the staid Philadelphia establishment is distressed at the aged judge's (Judge Sloane is 71) ruling. Every newspaper, TV station, and every radio station, AM and FM, in Philly has come out in support of the Electric Factory. The Evening Bulletin, which is perhaps one degree to the left of J. Edgar Hoover, for instance, has just devoted three-quarters of its editorial page to letters—all favorable—concerning the Electric Factory's plight.

At base, politics is behind the dance hall's continuing harassment. Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo is already campaigning for next year's mayoral election (though he has not yet announced for the office) by showing how tough he can be on hippies and other undesirables. Not to be outdone, Mayor James Tate has congratulated him on his efforts. (Some months ago, Mayor Tate attempted to ban hippies from the public parks, but the courts overturned him.)

According to Larry Magid, 26, one of the partners who own the Electric Factory, Rizzo came by the dance hall one evening and bragged that he would "turn this joint into a parking lot."

The court ruling described the dance hall as "a place of amusement, but not a place of quiet mirth and amusement"—which is evidently the kind Judge Sloane digs. "Unlike the Academy of Music, for example, where one hears the orchestra of Toscanini, or Stokowski, and Ormandy, the Electric Factory caters to other groups known variously as the Jefferson Airplane, Country Joe and the Fish, and the Peanut Butter Conspiracy, to name a few."

"And lends itself to the rise and fall of loud sounds—cacophonous to many, euphonious to others—which crawl up the ceiling and beyond and are succeeded by a temporary calm, sound with and without agreeable musical quality depending on the listener and his taste in music."

The judge as critic.

During hearings prior to the judge's ruling to close the Electric Factory, the few residents of the hall's immediate, overwhelming industrial neighborhood, were called on to testify. All three said noise was no problem and found nothing but good to say about the place.

There was nothing in the testimony during hearings, points out Spencer Cox, executive director of the ACLU's Philadelphia branch, about any crimes having been committed at the club.

Cox points out that there may, indeed, be dope smokers and dealers among the Electric Factory clientele—as is also doubtless true of Philadelphia symphony audiences—but adds:

"As a matter of fact, relentless police surveillance of the Electric Factory over a period of several months was able to turn up exactly one patron out of over 100,000 who had been convicted on a narcotics charge. The effect—and evidently the intent—of the injunction is to stamp cultural diversity in Philadelphia. It is of a piece with police harassment of hippies in Rittenhouse Square, whom the police apparently found unbearable because their lifestyle did not conform to police notions . . . Such repression is indeed a prescription for violence."

Despite seeing his clientele hassled by police almost nightly, Magid, one of the Electric Factory's partners, remains cheery. "I think Rizzo has bitten off more than he can chew. This is a corrupt city, but not corrupt enough to make this stick. We've got no intention of backing down, and it's clear the public is with us."

But isn't there a chance the place could be shut down? "Well," Magid grinned, "put it like this: I'm booked through July."



COMING IN EASY ON THE

Fleetwood Mac

A NEW ALBUM ON A & M RECORDS





Mississippi Joe Callicott

Memphis to Host Blues Festival

MEMPHIS — The fourth annual Memphis Blues Festival will be held here the weekend of June 6-7-8, dedicated to one early blues stylist, the late "Mississippi" Joe Callicott, and held in conjunction with the city's commemoration of another, the late W. C. Handy.

Those scheduled to perform include Bo Diddley, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Furry Lewis, Bukka White, the Mar-Keys, Albert Collins, Magic Sam, the Insect Trust and Kaleidoscope.

This will be the first year the festival of country music and blues will be co-sponsored by the city. The sponsor of the past three years, the Memphis Blues Society, is producing the first two days' program, while the Memphis Chamber of Commerce will host the final day's schedule.

The tentative program:

Friday—A country-oriented line-up in the Overton Park Shell, including appearances by Furry Lewis, the Rev. Robert Wilkins, Nathan Beauregard, Henry Speller, Bukka White, Robert "Pete" Williams and Fred McDowell.

Saturday—A blues-oriented rock program to be held at an as yet undetermined location, featuring Bo Diddley, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Jim Dickinson's Band, the Five Blue Stars (Sunnyland Slim, Big Walter Horton, Willie Dixon, Clifton James, Johnny Shines), Albert Collins, George Smith, Magic Sam, the Insect Trust, the Electric Blue Watermelon, the 509, the Moloch, Kaleidoscope, L. C. Robinson, Eddie Taylor, Alexis Korner, the Mar-Keys, and the Trevor Kochler Quartet.

Sunday—A "pop" concert, designated "The W. C. Handy Memorial Blues Festival," to be staged in the municipally owned coliseum and showcasing a number of contemporary artists, as yet unnamed.

Proceeds from the Blues Society's programs will go specifically toward establishing a Memphis blues archives and generally toward facilitating and promoting blues research. The third day's proceeds will be used to establish W. C. Handy memorial music scholarships.

As last year, the festival will be recorded, although no label has been announced. (In 1968, *The Memphis Blues Festival* appeared on London.)

Members of the Memphis Blues Society include Bill Barth, a Hoboken, N.J., folklorist; Nancy Jeffries, also of Hoboken, the vocalist in the Insect Trust; Chris Wimmer of Memphis; Michael Gruener, folklorist from Santa

Barbara, Calif.; Randall Lyon, Memphis photographer; Bob Palmer, Hoboken, saxophonist in the Insect Trust; Jim Crosthwait, Memphis sculptor; Steve LaVere, festival recordings coordinator from Los Angeles; Bix Bickson, also from Los Angeles; and Eric Hord, one-time guitarist with the Mamas and the Papas, now playing with the 509, Los Angeles country-rock group.

Morrison Hands Himself Over

MIAMI—Only a mid-April extradition hearing stands between Jim Morrison, lead singer for the Doors, and justice, Florida-style. Morrison turned himself over to the FBI in Los Angeles on April 3rd, in regards to a federal warrant charging him with interstate flight to avoid prosecution for six charges of lewd behavior and public exposure.

Morrison, accompanied by his Beverly Hills attorney, Max Fink, journeyed to the FBI's downtown Los Angeles branch to surrender. It was a casual sort of occasion, as described by Doors manager Bill Siddons.

"Jim said to me, 'I'm going to turn myself in tomorrow.' I said, 'Oh, really? Okay.' And the next day he did."

Morrison has made himself unavailable to the press for comment since his controversial March 2nd performance, during which Florida authorities contend that he showed his penis to an audience of 12,000, made as if to masturbate, simulated oral copulation, and a couple of other things.

Doors spokesman Siddons feels the extradition warrant is a phony—technically illegal—since Morrison departed Florida four full days before any charges were issued against him.

But it is important that Morrison not appear to run from it. "You got to fight them in court," explains Siddons, "not by disappearing. Because if they had caught Jim, they would have thrown him in jail, probably made the bail higher, too, and put Jim on a bummer."

If he winds up in Florida and loses his trial, it could be an even worse bummer than that: Morrison could wind up in a Florida state pen for nearly three and a half years (3 years, 150 days).

At the April 14th extradition hearing in Los Angeles, the plan is to fight extradition for all Morrison and the Doors are worth. Their feeling is that it is impossible for Morrison to get a fair trial in the State of Florida, considering the present state of public opinion here.

Says Siddons concerning Florida: "It's incredible, man. Everybody in the state wants us."

Despite his alarm, however, it appears that only Miami remains up in arms, not all of Florida. Though a special Easter festival which was to star the Grateful Dead and a showing of the film *The Greatest Story Ever Told* had to be cancelled because no place in Miami could be found for it (after city fathers denied use of a previously contracted, city-owned auditorium), a Fort Lauderdale rock and roll festival just north of Miami went off without a hitch. (It is worth noting, though, that Fort Lauderdale's city government did turn the MC5 from appearing.)

Another Easter number that never came off was an announced nude swim-in at Fort Lauderdale by the Reverend Jefferson Fuck Poland of the Sexual Freedom League. Some 10,000 celebrants dutifully tramped out to the beach to watch the skin show. But the Rev. Poland must have done it elsewhere.

On the heels of the 30,000-strong Rally for Decency staged here at the Orange Bowl by a bunch of high school kids and Jackie Gleason and the Catholic Church, it was feared that a new wave of anti-rock repression might be about to sweep the nation.

President Richard M. Nixon, for instance, sent a letter to the sponsors and organizers of the Decency Rally, which said: "This is a very positive approach [which] strengthens my belief that the younger generation is our greatest natural resource." As our President was congratulating the decent kids whose parents made this nation what it is today, the brother and nephew of Nixon's closest advisor, Charles (Bebe) Rebozo, were busted for dope. William Rebozo, Bebe's older brother, was arrested for getting rough with Miami cops when they came to nail son Donald on possession and sales charges involving hash.

President Nixon was not immediately available for comment.

The fact is that while the Doors remain persona non grata many places (they've been barred in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Dallas, as well as Miami, since the March 2nd excitement), representatives of two of the largest agencies handling rock and roll acts say everything's cool everywhere else but Miami—although they concede that just after Morrison pulled his fast one the industry was fearful of nationwide cancellations.

"But the only place that's really tightened, is Miami," says Ed Rubin of the Ashley-Famous agency. His firm handles two of rock's most pungent groups,

Country Joe and the Fish and the Mothers of Invention, and neither band has had trouble with bookings or cancellations.

It's the same at Creative Management Associates, whose clients (Sweetwater and others) lost between \$30,000 and \$40,000 in Miami cancellations but otherwise emerged unscathed. "It affected us," says agent Leo Leichter. "But it seems to have resolved itself outside Miami."

And even inside Miami, it appears that public sentiment may be mellowing. When the Easter show produced by Together Productions, Inc., was rescheduled for April 24th-25th—only to be turned down anew by city fathers—newspapers and radio stations began to side with Together. "The city," intoned an editorial heard on TV station WCKT and radio stations WUCG and WIOD, "has only succeeded in alienating itself and most of the adult world from the younger generation"

Cl'pt'n-W'w'd-B'k'r Coming to Town

SAN FRANCISCO — Clapton-Winwood-Baker, the new band that looks a lot like an old band called Cream (with a passing resemblance to Traffic), will open its American tour at Oakland Coliseum, June 13, and then do two months of dates—at \$25,000 per gig—probably winding up at Madison Square Garden in New York in late July or early August.

The band, formed just this winter, consists of guitarist-singer Eric Clapton and drummer-singer Ginger Baker (who comprised two-thirds of Cream), plus organist-guitarist-bassist-singer Stevie Winwood (who was one-quarter of Traffic, or more).

Not all dates are set, but the West Coast, where they are to begin, is tentatively covered like this: June 13th at Oakland, 14th at Seattle, 15th at Honolulu, 20th at Dallas, 21st at Houston, 22nd at Phoenix, 27th-28th at Los Angeles, 29th at Denver, July 4th-5th-6th at Los Angeles, then the 18th-19th-20th weekend in the Pacific Northwest, almost certainly including Portland.

The plan is for the band not to play more than three days a week and to play only stadium-size dates—because, in the words of their agency, Creative Management Associates, "they've got to go into super-big houses because it's a super-group." A Clapton-Winwood-Baker album will be released some time prior to the start of the tour.

FOR
RELIEF
OF
ALL
KINDS
OF
MISERY



TAKE
ONE
OF
THESE

"SPIDER" JOHN KOERNER AND WILLIE MURPHY—RUNNING JUMPING STANDING STILL—EKS 74041—ALSO ON 8 TRACK CARTRIDGE



ACORNS FOR PEACE

Beatles: No Discernible Pattern

LONDON—There is, all of a sudden, an avalanche of Beatle news, and when you add it all up no discernible pattern emerges. It's like listening to side one of *Sergeant Pepper* for the first time and trying to figure out what will be on side two. Who could have predicted "A Day in the Life"?

The Beatles' present situation is like that. Consider:

Paul gets married and nothing more is heard from him for the nonce.

John gets married too, in a great flourish, whisking off to Gibraltar to do it. And then to Amsterdam, where he and Yoko dedicate themselves—publicly, before the press—to one full week in bed on behalf of peace and, hopefully, to conceive a child. (See Random Notes.)

From Amsterdam, John and Yoko head for Vienna, where, in the words of a London Evening Standard reporter, they "made utter fools of themselves at a press conference at which they appeared hidden under an outsize pillow case and babbled about 'total communication, love and peace.'"

At Vienna, John and Yoko's TV film called *Rope* is shown. It is reportedly a masterpiece of its kind. More about that later.

Meanwhile, Ringo is giving an interview to the effect that the Beatles will never again perform publicly. And at almost exactly the same time, John is telling reporters that the Beatles "will give several public shows this year."

According to Ringo, the three Beatle live performances scheduled for this year have now been permanently cancelled. According to John, he's down to his last \$120,000, and intends to talk Paul, George and Ringo into a tour of the States to raise some pocket money.

"My bank balance is scratching the deck," he says. "It would do some good to get back to work." A tour would do the trick. "If we do go, it will be where the money is—America."

It can be stated with some assurance that John and Ringo have not recently conversed on the matter of touring. One spokesman at Apple, the Beatle recording company, tacitly agrees on this score: "It would be indecent for us to comment while John and Ringo are so obviously in disagreement."

But all this is in the nature of a minor misunderstanding. More serious is the way the British press picks up the story of Apple's financial woes. JUDGE TOLD OF SEVEN-FIGURE ROYALTIES AND MAN OF "SOME DUBIOUS RECORD"—BATTLE OVER FORTUNE FROM THE BEATLES, thunders a vast Evening News headline.

What this means—once you unravel the story—is that a legal battle is underway as to who will get some \$2,400,000 in royalties from Beatles recordings between 1962 and 1967. It's a bit complicated. It seems that Brian Epstein, the Beatles' late manager, always dealt fairly with the boys, giving them their fair share via Nems Enterprises, Ltd., the company he founded.

But upon his death, Epstein's mother sold a firm called Triumph Investment, Ltd., controlling shares in Nems—or Nemper Holdings, as it has come to be known. And Triumph is saying, in effect, "Pay us." The Beatles are saying, "No, pay us."

In this context, it should be understood that the Beatles brought in Allen Klein to investigate their financial empire in February. Klein, an American business expert who serves as business manager for the Rolling Stones, came under fire from an attorney representing the other side as "a man of somewhat dubious record" (since he faces court charges involving finance in both the U.S. and U.K.).

The opposition's lawyer warned that the Beatles' Apple appeared to have "fallen under the influence" of Klein.

Unimpressed with either this or the legitimacy of the Nemper-Triumph claim, the judge refused to prevent the \$2.4 million-plus from reaching the Beatles.

In other Beatle news:

• John and Yoko's \$120,000 Weybridge home, which looks just like any other mansion in its posh suburban London neighborhood, is up for sale. A bargain at the price, to judge by the Reuters dispatch, which describes an all-white entry room with hammers sus-

pended over the hearth, a psychedelically painted grand piano, a heated pool and nude photos and posters of John and Yoko all over the place. The Lennons plan to find a more secluded country estate with larger grounds.

• George says he'll never again be caught holding. Busted on Paul's wedding day for possession of 120 joints in his home, and fined \$1,200, George now says: "I shall never possess marijuana in my house again. It's ridiculous. I don't need pot. It's not important to me. I just want to be left alone with the freedom to be an individual and to be my own work." Like John, he too was thinking of moving to the country. George needs more privacy than London affords.

• Ringo has announced he will star in a Western movie to be shot in California. Currently filming *The Magic Christian* with Peter Sellers, Ringo explains that he wants to show he can do an entirely different character than he has played in movies thus far. If the script proves worthy, filming of the Western should begin this fall.

• Producer Walter Shenson says he still has a "loose agreement" to make a third Beatles movie, but now he has his doubts about being able to get all four of them together on a subject, as well as in time and space.

• John and Yoko's second LP, *Unfinished Music No. 2*, will be released soon.

• George's second LP, *Electronic Sounds*, recorded mainly in his home and also during Los Angeles sessions with a Moog synthesizer, will be released soon.

• John and Yoko have announced new schemes to end racial prejudice and war: "bagism" and "acorns for peace." Bagism is what they were practicing when they held their Vienna press conference in a bag. John explains: "People don't get prejudiced by your looks. It helps get rid of racial prejudice." Acorns for peace? John and Yoko will send a pair to all the heads of state, with this message: "Please plant these for peace." John thinks this will be "the most positive thing they have done for peace for 200 years."

• Despite John's statement earlier this year that "If Apple goes on losing money, all of us will be broke within six months," there was happy news

from the recording wing of the company, Apple Records, which grossed \$3.4 million for the first quarter of 1969 and should, according to Apple's estimate, set a sales mark in excess of \$15 million, not half bad for its first year.

• As promised, here are details on John and Yoko's TV film, *Rope*. It depicts the pursuit of a beautiful girl by a silent TV film crew, who very nearly drive her insane. Her terror parallels the kind of blanket TV coverage the Beatles are treated to, wherever they go. "It is," in the words of Vienna critic Willi Frischauer, "a highly effective, relentless, oppressive TV indictment of TV which does for the age of television what Franz Kafka's *The Trial* did for the age of totalitarian injustice." It stars Eva Maglata, a Hungarian actress who speaks only monosyllabic German and Italian in the movie. At the end, the camera has followed her all the way into her apartment and tortures her at length and without pity.

Aretha Heads Up Soul Bowl '69

HOUSTON—The biggest soul music festival in memory, "Soul Bowl '69," will be held in Houston's Texas Astrodome from June 13-15, with dozens of performers—headed by Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles—raising money to promote low-cost housing in the nation's ghetto.

Aretha's father, the Reverend C. L. Franklin, is largely responsible for the three-day lineup. He is president of the International Afro Musical and Cultural Foundation, which organized Soul Bowl '69.

Other artists scheduled to appear are Sam and Dave, Percy Sledge, Jimmy Witherspoon, Redd Foxx, Johnny (Guitar) Watson, the Staple Singers, Clara Ward, the Swan Silverstones, the Dixie Hummingbirds, the Soul Stirrers, Reverend James Cleveland, the Davis Sisters, and many more, from the West Indian blues players to jazz and rock and roll.

Reverend Franklin sees Soul Bowl '69 as black America's answer to the Kentucky Derby and the Orange, Cotton and

Rose Bowls—which are predominantly white-oriented—and hopes that it can become an annual affair.

Aretha began singing with the Reverend Franklin's choir (he is now the pastor of Detroit's 4,500-member New Bethel Baptist Church, where there was a recent shoot-out between militants and police; Reverend Franklin had rented them some space for the evening), and recordings of the Reverend Franklin preaching have enjoyed good sales.

He organized the 1963 March through Detroit, in which Martin Luther King, Jr. led half a million people through the streets of Motor City. Dr. King's widow, Mrs. Coretta King, and Dr. Ralph Abernathy, Dr. King's successor as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, are both members of the board of the International Afro Musical and Cultural Foundation.

Has Graham Lost His Mountain?

SAN FRANCISCO—So far, Bill Graham has not made the first move to fight the purchase of the Fillmore West building by the Howard Johnson chain. Their plan is to demolish the building and construct a multi-unit hotel and restaurant at the Market and Van Ness location.

And Graham isn't sure he's going to fight. A lot of people, Graham says, have told him: "You know, Bill, I'm really disappointed you aren't fighting." "But what the hell," retorts Graham— "Howard Johnson's got \$400,000 to kick around. How can I fight that?"

It may be as long as nine months before Graham has to vacate Fillmore West. But should that day come, it will be the end of Fillmore West as he sees it.

"You look at what we've done there—all the people who've worked there to make it what it is. We have all put it together and it has been rough. It's just a tough blow, that's all. That we have to move. Because you can't move what's happened there in that ballroom. You can take a new location, but you're not moving Fillmore West. You know what I mean?"

Graham recalled what it was like at the beach to build sand castles. You build one castle, make it a good one, with lots of towers and tunnels and turrets, and—*whoosh*—a big wave comes along and knocks it all apart. "The seventeenth sand castle you build is a masterpiece," he says. "It's the most beautiful sand castle you can conceive. And you build it far off the beach where the waves can't get at it. And so a flood comes and wipes it out."

It would take a long hard look at what he's done with Fillmore West before Graham would consider building another sand castle like it. "I've been so busy I haven't been able to take a long look at what I'm doing," Graham sighed and his voice deflated perceptibly. "This thing is like a solid right cross to the jaw, man. I been down before but this time I ain't comin' back up off the floor too quick."

The San Francisco Chronicle recently carried a lengthy editorial in support of Fillmore West's right to exist.

"It is a ballroom that has made the 'San Francisco sound' heard round the world. Week after week it brings many youngsters into the ambit of its modern, electronically-amplified sound and dancing. It's where the action is for its generational clientele, and there are many knowledgeable observers in the community who credit the Fillmore with being one of the factors for channeling the unrest and dissent of youth away from the destructive activism that has rocked many other communities."

The editorial then discussed the Howard Johnson purchase, said nice things about Graham (said he had "brought San Francisco to the front of the national rock scene") and extended the hope that others will come to Graham's aid in finding a new home for Fillmore West.

"I have," Graham said, "actually been looking at one location in San Francisco—an excellent place on Bryant and 16th or 17th. It might do the trick." His voice seemed revived, then it darkened again. "But, you know, you're talking about a number—how many exactly?—scars when you start thinking about moving."

—Continued on Next Page



LINDA EASTMAN

Aretha

I am a



It's a great physical thing they do.
Going from maniac hurricanes of music
to a drift of strings. The better
side of better
"heir: pollution"



"Our Point of View" The
Sons of Champlin who have
a view about beat, and
deliver. So much to say, it
took two LP's—but it's
priced like one.
"Loosen Up Naturally"

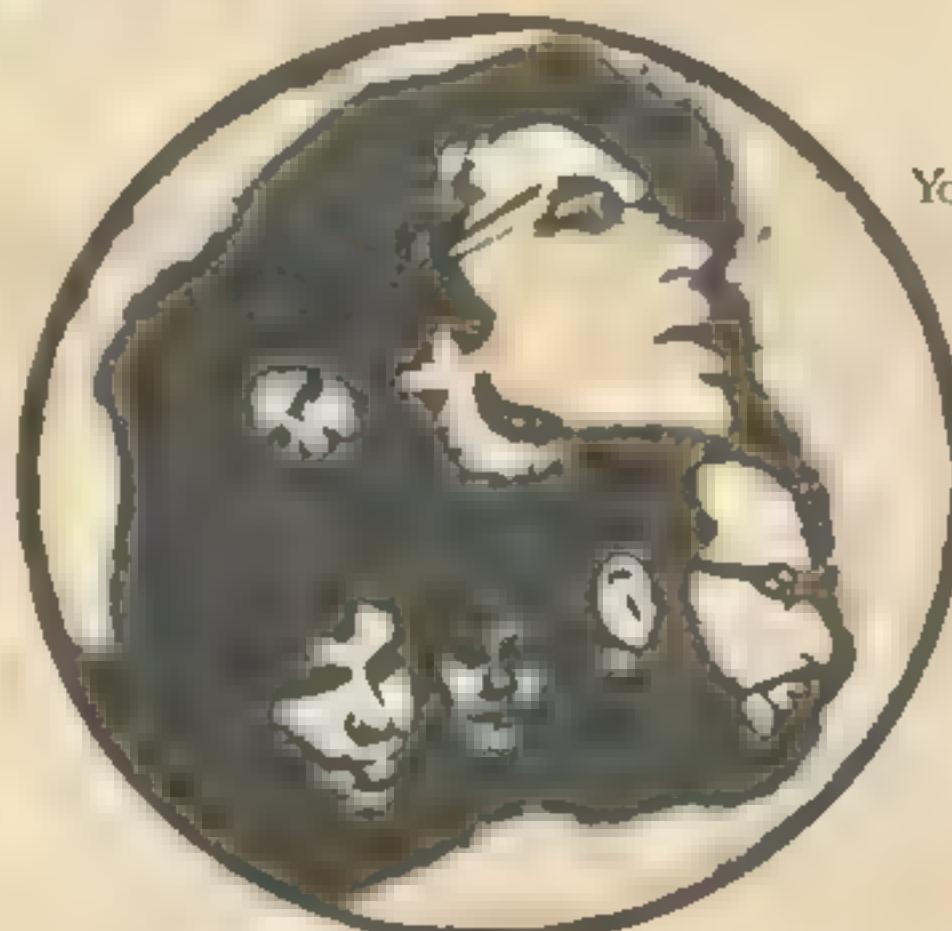
**The Sons of
Champlin**

Jools. Maybe her face is
made for magazine
covers but I think she's
more oil painting than
a slick. Her voice is
honest feel. Eye
Magazine called her the
Janis Joplin of Great
Britain. I vote her better.
And Brian... cool
involvement; composes,
plays the organ like it
should always have been.

"Jools & Brian"



You owe yourself first. That's
what the Crystal Mansions
is all about. Seven
neat men who handle
music so you don't need
Alka Seltzer.
"Crystal Mansions"



Cashman, Pistilli & West

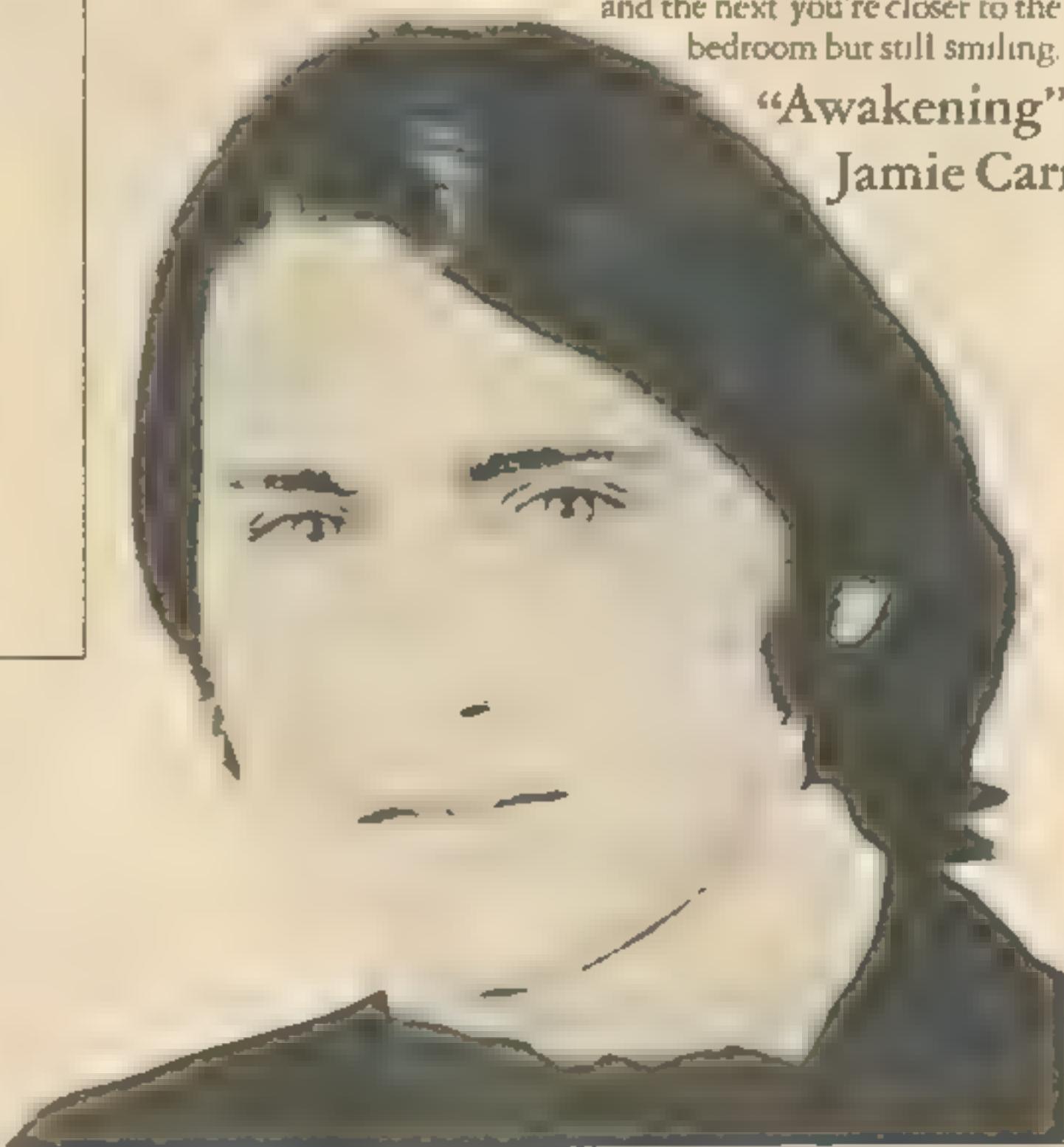


"Some of My Best Friends
are People." An expert trio
long practiced with each
other creating folk poetry
with emotion and enormous
technical accomplishment.

**Cashman,
Pistilli & West"**

He looks like a Wyeth painting
and his voice is hard-soft. One minute
you're smiling on a porch beside him
and the next you're closer to the
bedroom but still smiling.

"Awakening"
Jamie Carr



—Continued from Page Ten

If he decides not to do another Fillmore West in San Francisco, would he still retain Fillmore East in New York? "New York," he burst out, "New York is gutter warfare. Industrial psychology. There's no salt and pepper for me. But this is where I'm from. I would keep this operation going."

What about the rumored prospect of his setting up a new Fillmore in Los Angeles?

"Never, ever, ever, ever will I go to Los Angeles. I hate that fucking place so bad—look, man, I want to start a petition that when the earthquake comes it should only destroy Los Angeles. Never."

Meanwhile, there were a million details to be attended to in the daily operations of Fillmore East and West (still operating for at least nine months).

"So busy with all this, man. It would really be nice to just, um, get a boat, a big sailboat and stock it up and untie it from its mooring and just sail away."

Why not do it then?

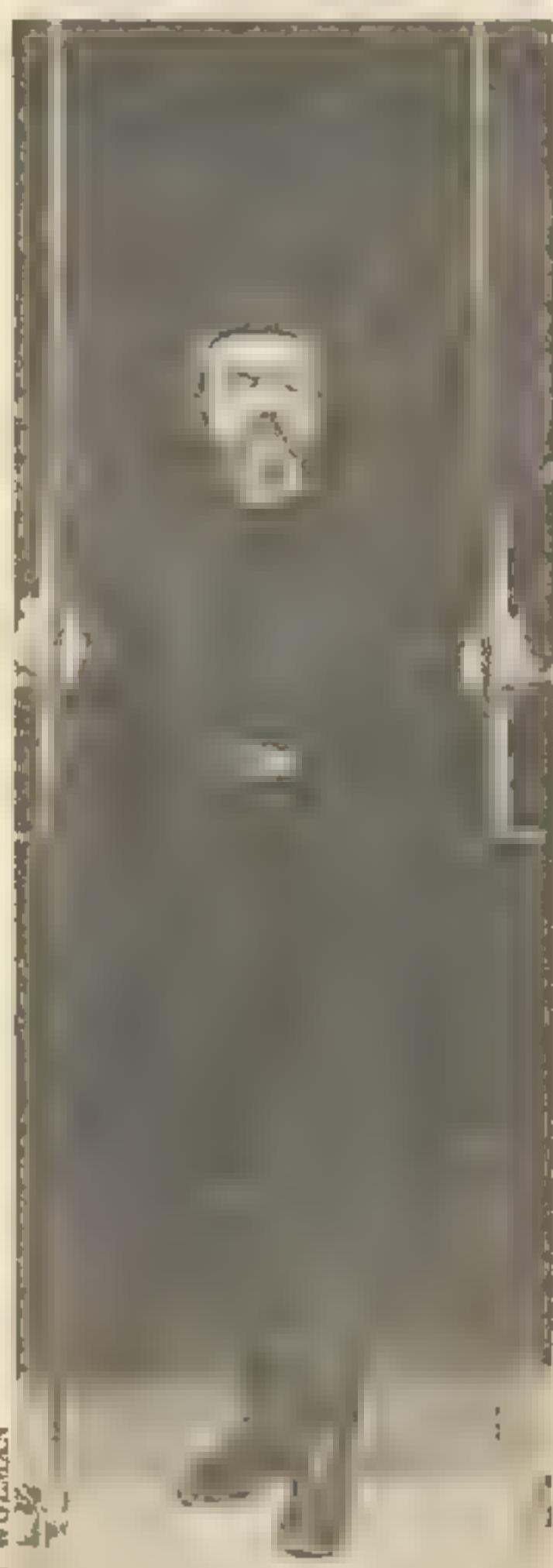
The most assertive (and most familiar) Graham voice reappeared. "Look," he growled, "when circumstances put you on the top of the mountain and you got a whole industry—a whole fucking industry—trying to pull you off . . . Well, no motherfucker is gonna do that to me."

Tom Donahue Departs KSAN

SAN FRANCISCO—Tom Donahue, the giant-sized giant of "progressive rock" radio, has resigned from his post as Operations Manager and announcer at KSAN-FM.

He is staying in radio, however, and is moving into two other media of the masses: record production and television.

Donahue left the Metromedia station earlier this month on friendly terms ("Listening to these records every night is great, but it can turn into mental masturbation after a while"). He now plans to do a "tribal" rock music program to be syndicated to radio stations around the country. The show, now planned for four hours daily, six days a week, will originate from a studio Donahue hopes to build in a San Francisco house. "Tribal," according to Donahue, means that the program will



Tom Donahue

feature "a lot of people"—visiting musicians and artists, satirists doing newscasts, and, of course, Donahue's mellow but still ballyhoo voice.

The other projects are still mostly in Donahue's head. He produced records on his own record label (Autumn) from 1962 to 1966, but will be going into television cold.

Donahue was the moving force behind the transition of KMPX-FM two years ago from a foreign-language outlet into the country's first full-time album-cut, hip-sounding station. A strike last March resulted in Dunshue and his entire crew moving to KSAN, which dumped its classical music format to make way for the new style of longhair music.

Mamas & Papas' Brand-New Bag

BEVERLY HILLS — It has taken months, but finally the Mamas and the Papas (minus Mama Cass Elliott) have arrived at an agreement with Dunhill Records whereby:

• Dunhill has signed a new record company called Warlock Records, and

• Warlock is to be owned by Papa John Phillips, and from now on, everything produced by him, by Mama Michelle Phillips and by Papa Denny Doherty, will be released by Warlock and distributed by Dunhill, and

• All future Mamas and Papas recordings are to be produced by Lou Adler, who's produced the group since 1966.

Which is to say that the Mamas and Papas remain under the Dunhill wing—they've been hassling with Dunhill for ages; this was one of the reasons Mama Cass split—but under terms of the agreement, they'll hopefully have freedom enough to record their way and make the bread they think they're due.

They will resume recording again soon, happily. There has been no recording during the negotiations.

There are plans for Warlock to sign new talent of its own, and John Phillips has already set about preparing for construction of a \$500,000 Warlock recording studio, with all the most sophisticated gear, to be located in Hollywood. Warlock will also have its own engineering branch.

Johnny Winter Fiasco Goes On

BY PAUL NELSON

NEW YORK — Texas bluesman Johnny Winter's Cinderella story has taken a bizarre turn of events, and it now appears that two of the nation's biggest record companies, Columbia and Atlantic, may do battle to find out which really has the albino guitarist under exclusive and valid contract.

Until last week, the assumption was that there were no problems concerning the unprecedented \$600,000 deal between Columbia Records and Winter. Now, according to Jerry Wexler, vice president of Atlantic Records, there is a very big problem indeed.

Wexler states that a man from Beaumont and Houston, Texas—Roy Ames—holds a valid recording contract with Winter which dates prior to the Columbia contract, and that Ames has assigned that contract, plus enough masters and tapes for two albums, to Atlantic.

"We have the only valid contract on Johnny Winter," asserts Wexler. "It's an exclusive contract, and therefore any contract which Winter may have entered into with anybody else can have no validity if this contract is good—and we believe that it is."

Atlantic reportedly paid \$50,000 for the Ames contract, but neither Wexler nor Atlantic Records' president Ahmet Ertegun would confirm the figure.

"We are not going to market the record as a hot current item," he continued, "and we are not going to overdub a rhythm section onto it. We're going to merchandise it for exactly what it is—vintage Winter. Although it's not what Johnny Winter is doing today, I think that a lot of people are going to like it."

Clive Davis, president of Columbia Records, denied any knowledge of a power play on Atlantic's part. "They've called, but we're not negotiating with

them at all," he said. "I was told that our lawyers were informed that Atlantic has some old masters of Johnny Winter. Well, I don't care about that. There's nothing wrong with that."

"But I can't believe that a company which lost out in the original bidding for Johnny Winter would attempt to get an artist who has already rejected them by buying up an old contract which somebody claims to be valid. There's always a case where someone who's making a claim pops up from someone's past."

"I'd be amazed if Atlantic attempted to buy a contract which is three years old from a guy who never paid Johnny Winter a cent. This would be unlikely—and very uncharacteristic of Atlantic. To me, they're a quality company, and I just don't believe that they would try to get an artist against his will."

"As far as the artist's contract with us is concerned, our lawyers have indicated that there is no concern at all. And Johnny Winter himself has indicated the same thing."

"We're coming out with our album on schedule—April 15th. If there were any question at all, I would hold it up, but that is not the case."

Roy Ames in Houston, Texas, was contacted by telephone. The conversation:

Q.: "We'd like to talk to you about the Johnny Winter-Atlantic deal, if we might."

Ames: "I'm sorry, but I can't discuss it."

Winter himself says that he talked with Ames in Texas two weeks ago and that Ames told him then that "he had no intention of filing a suit against me or anything. He said that he was real happy that I was making it and all that bullshit. But he damn well sure did do something!"

"He did tell me at the time that he had sold some old things to Atlantic that I wouldn't be too pleased about. But, I mean, the guy really did have a contract on me during the time this stuff was cut, so I can't be too down on him for doing it."

"I can see why Roy did it—he didn't have anything to lose—but why Jerry Wexler and Ahmet Ertegun would want to get mixed up in something like this is beyond me."

"Roy and I haven't worked together in over two years. I never got a penny from him—I never got anything, man. In fact, the only money that ever changed hands between us was \$100 that I lent him once to pay his fucking rent."

Winter claims that the contract with Ames is no longer valid for a number of reasons: (1) That Ames failed to renew the 1969 option; (2) that Ames hasn't recorded him since 1966 when the contract between them states that a certain amount of material must be recorded, but not necessarily released, each year; and (3) that he was never paid royalties or union scale session fees for the single and the tapes he did make for Ames in 1966.

"If Atlantic really thought that the contract were good, they'd have every right to have me. But it isn't, and I'm not going to honor it. Before I signed with Columbia, I told them everything, and they weren't worried."

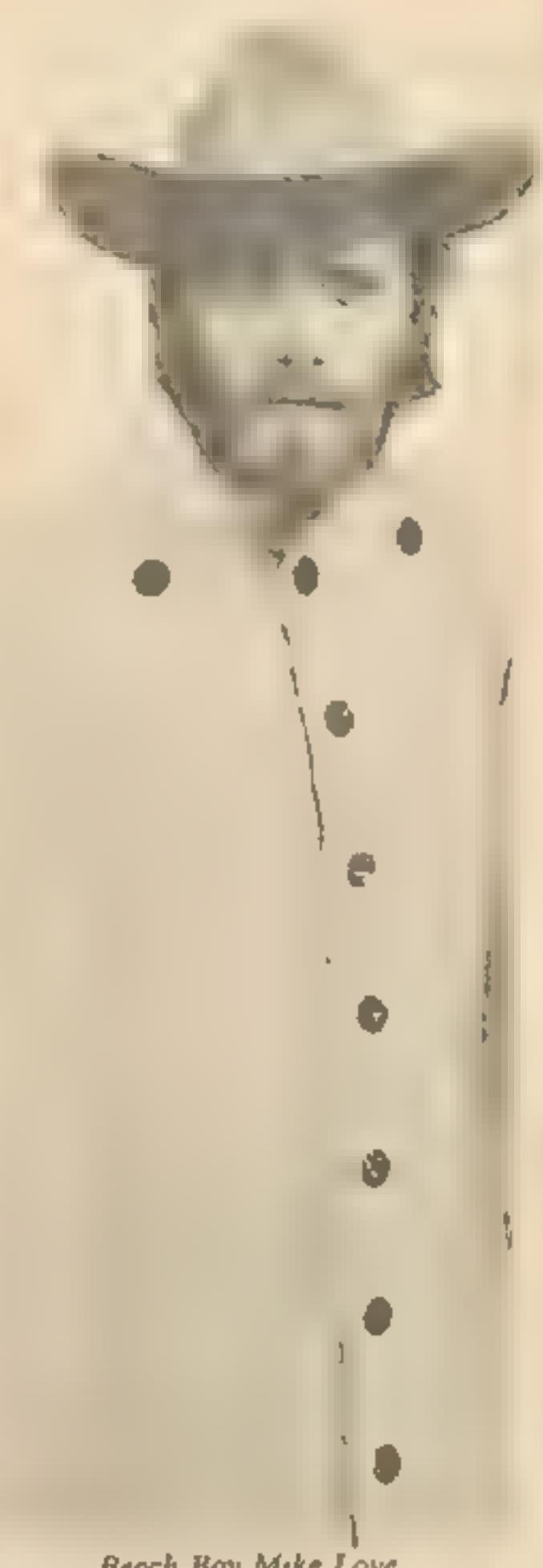
Wexler: "There are eight great blues sides in the Robert Johnson-Muddy Waters Delta tradition."

Winter: "About half of it is commercial crap—you know, trying to get a hit just like somebody else's for the producer. For the other half, I was just messing around with some blues things for my own pleasure, and they had the tape machine running. I didn't have anything together. It wasn't even supposed to be records. They weren't even demos, man!"

"I know they couldn't be great, but I don't know if they're terrible or what. It couldn't be a good record—it couldn't even be a good early record."

What will happen now is anybody's guess. Wexler claims that "Winter is under an artist's contract to us which has a validity prior to his signing with Columbia." Davis, who doesn't appear to be excessively concerned about the legality of his company's February deal, says that the Columbia LP will come out on schedule in mid-April. Ertegun promises an early delivery of some "vintage Winter."

Winter flatly states that there's not a chance in the world that he'll ever become an exclusive Atlantic recording artist. With great finality he says "I'd never honor that contract with Roy Ames because it's not a good one."



Beach Boy Mike Love

Beach Boys Sue Capitol Records

LOS ANGELES—The Beach Boys are suing Capitol Records for \$2,041,446.64, which they claim is due them in royalty fees (these, they allege, the Beach Boys, come to \$662,618.72) and producers' fees for Brian Wilson (\$1,418,827.92).

They also announce that they have severed all connection with Capitol, after seven years in the Capitol fold, to form their own Brother Records Co. What this means is not exactly clear, since Brother has been in existence (if mainly inactive) for the past two years. At least one Beach Boys LP has been issued on the label.

A lengthy Beach Boys press handout details all sorts of new business enterprises they apparently intend to get into—recording, music publishing, business management, even a travel agency—but although Grillo stands by this release, the band's creative head, Brian Wilson, doesn't.

Wilson says a lot of the stuff detailed in the press release is still in the talk stages. "This all hasn't happened yet. The fellows are never home long enough to make all their decisions."

"Untrue," says Grillo, unfeeling a long list of new companies which are part of the Beach Boys empire, "if Brian told you this didn't exist, he's just putting you on. He hardly ever comes around the office—Brian's scared of corporate decisions—so he wouldn't know."

Back to Brian, who says: "The overhead is so high in our office, we have to go on the road every two weeks to stay even. Right now Brother Records is just a logo. Before, when we started Brother the first time, it was formed because that was what we wanted to do artistically. But now it's an economic necessity."

To this, Grillo points out that Brian "hasn't traveled with the band in four years," and—well, the confusion and unkind words seem endless in the Beach Boys camp, so perhaps it's best not to get any deeper into it.

The one thing they are agreed on is that they are suing Capitol for precisely \$2,041,446.64.

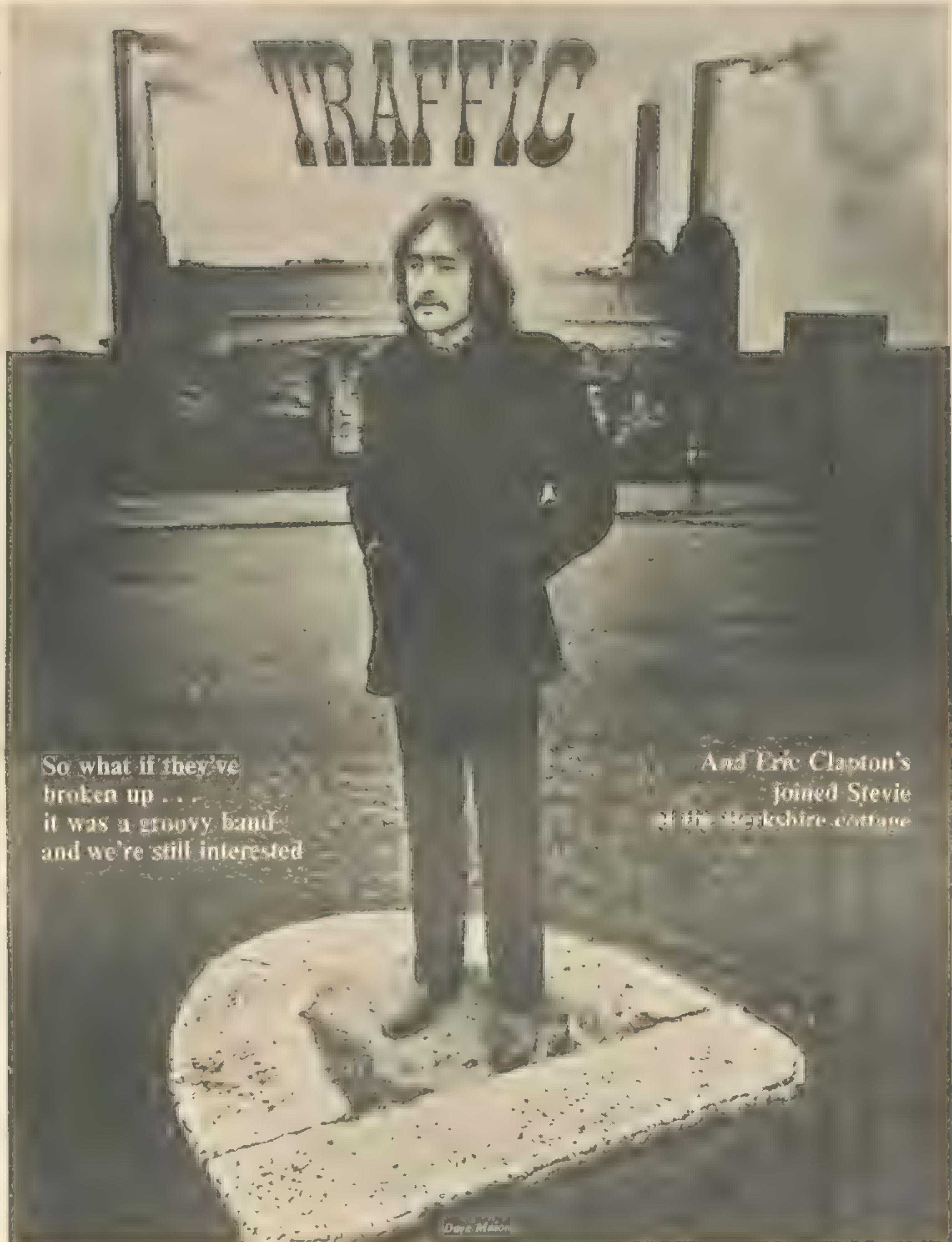
Random Notes

—Continued from Page 4
give Ronald Reagan a close run for his money. Thus Sam Hayakawa wins the ROLLING STONE Does A Bear Shit In The Woods Award and a hearty slap.

STEREO

FREEDOM SUITE/ THE RASCALS





So what if they've
broken up ...
it was a groovy band
and we're still interested

And Eric Clapton's
joined Stevie
in his Berkshire cottage

By David Dalton

The cottage is an hour and a half from London, but it's a thousand light years from Soho Square. Henley is like driving through a postcard, and then you pass through dozens of little English hamlets with names as heavy as a slice of farmhouse bread: Nettlebed, Wallingford, Uffington, Didcot.

When we get to Aston Tirrold, we stop in at the pub to ask directions to the cottage. The owners are a friendly, florid old couple, who invite us in while the husband phones the cottage to see if we are permitted to go up.

We cross the main road just outside tiny Aston Tirrold over a rise and dip down into the dirt track

that leads to the cottage. There are really deep ruts in the road, and when it rains, it is impossible to take the upper road at all. Everyone who drives up for the first time stops here. Can this really be the road?

Jim Capaldi had mentioned the white farm gate giving us directions to get up here. You are reassured when you see it, it's the right road, everything is cool. Bristling hedges, moldy wooden fences; behind a clump of bushes there are some white wooden beehives, and, on the other side, vast fields recede endlessly into space. Weird, impossible perspectives curl around the horizon; covered hills interrupt infinity.

The land in Berkshire is especially numinous, filled with spirits; in these valleys between Oxford and London, the Thames basin, tribes of the Stone Age and

Bronze Age settled, farmed and built their monuments, mainly giant earthworks like Silbury and Uffington, which is five minutes from the cottage by Land Rover (the British answer to the jeep). All these cultures have left their tracks, their scent on the land and everywhere it seeps through. Traffic were photographed for the centerfold of their second album at Uffington, sitting in the middle of the giant Neolithic chalk drawing which overlooks a dragon mound. It was in these valleys that Arthur, the spiritual and physical embodiment of the Celuc mysteries, fought off the invading hordes of Saxons and Vikings between 516 and 537 A.D.

Roman Hill is the highest point in Berkshire, and you can easily walk to it from the cottage. Stevie likes to take you up there as soon as you arrive, rattling across fields and lanes in Dave Mason's Land

Dave Mason

Rover, climbing its steep sides to reach the small round plateau. Sitting on top of the world, have a smoke, lie down in the long grass exhausted with wonder, looking out on the soft green downs that stretch out forever into the misty blue distance.

A low mound rising almost imperceptibly all around you like a green circular wave is all that is left on the surface of a Roman Temple, and of Celtic and Stone Age sanctuaries before it. In the center of the ring is a cement ordnance survey marker covered with symbols and numbers, indicating the elevation in feet above sea level. Engineer's hieroglyphics. A dozen cultures overlapping in celebration of a sacred place, and a reminder of our own, looking ill at ease as the earth around gently devours it.

* * *

Same city, oh what a pity
I could be in Berkshire
Where the poppies are so pretty
I wish I was there
I wouldn't really have a care

English music papers are notoriously business-oriented, but around Christmas a few columnists let us know a little of what they are really thinking. Melody Maker's "hip" columnist Chris Welch talked about groups splitting up to enable members to jam with other groups in an article entitled "And Now They Want Jam on It."

"It all sounded so idyllic, especially with Traffic setting a precedent by living together in an isolated Berkshire cottage, devoting their time to composing and rehearsing without any trouble from neighbors.

"But suddenly the idyll came to an end with Stevie splitting to Holland and the rest of the group locking up the cottage and leaving."

The idyllic Berkshire cottage was part of Traffic's image. Island Records didn't neglect to tell you about it; it was a stock part of their publicity. What could have been more ideal? Four funky cats in this idyllic scene deep in the English countryside, where there is nothing really to do except get stoned, groove and make music. A grove of sanity outside London's trendy mod world.

That is what the cottage was, except that publicity always pre-digests experiences for its consumers, who are generally relieved to find that the press release has very little to do with life as it actually happens. Before I went up to Berkshire, I had this image of four cats sitting in the middle of an enormous field the size of Christina's World, just sitting there for days on end writing songs in their heads and occasionally going back to the cottage to play. From the descriptions it all sounded like a Menotti opera, picturesque and set in an artificial landscape where everything that happened became the cue for a song. So when we eventually drove up to Berkshire in early March of last year we were confronted with a scene that was very different from anything that could have been imagined.

* * *

Little Woman walk the Downs,
Frightened Partridge fled the ground,
The wind against its wings, the sound.
Poacher's arrow strikes her down
Little Woman stands in tears
It's darker now, but very clear
Before her lies the path for home
The arrowed bird behind her moans

—Dave Mason

Winter. The cottage is almost entirely hidden from the road by a wall of bushes and trees, although it is March and there are no leaves on the trees. The cottage itself is a two story stucco building with a large cement platform in front which serves as a stage and it's still covered with paint stains from liquid light shows on warm summer nights. Boxes, bags of cement, an old brass bedstead, old newspapers, cans of paint, an old cartwheel lie about in front of the house. Very funky, down-home looking. A psychotic looking dog is leashed to an old collapsing wooden fence along one side of the sloping miniature jungle in front of the house. Except for a front porch and a rocking chair, it could almost be an Arkansas sharecropper's home.

Inside, the first room is piled with equipment; guitars, a drum kit, an organ, amplifiers, mikes, jacks and wires everywhere. Beyond this is a rustic looking room with a low Tudor ceiling and an enormous blazing fire with a wrought iron roasting spit. Chris offers some tea. We sit around asking dumb questions, and after reading the latest International Times through about five times we go out and look for Stevie.

We see two figures moving down a freshly ploughed slope; it's Stevie and Stevie's friend Twitch who was responsible for getting the different people in Traffic together. Twitch is wearing a long kaftan and in the oblique light of early afternoon the Berkshire downs look like the Sahara. Stevie is wearing his favorite battered old hat that looks like it was stolen from a scarecrow. He points out a couple of birdsnests from last Spring that we can just make out in a tangled thicket that springs up at the edge of the field like a gnarled gnome.

"There's this poacher up here . . . it's like he's almost invisible . . . the first time I saw him, I didn't know what it was . . . I saw him on the horizon, crouched over with a sack . . . he hunts with a bow and arrow so no-one will hear him . . . it's really weird, you see him and then you turn around and he's gone . . . Dave wrote a song called 'Little Woman,' it's about him and this girl who gets shot down with an arrow . . . it's really beautiful, like an old English folk song."

Looking out into the country around the cottage, you can imagine you are at any time in history. There are no traces of the Twentieth Century to be seen anywhere—no houses or pylons, nothing to indicate time or place except the group's van standing in front of the cottage covered with the names of groupies scrawled on its dusty sides.

Chris puts on some sounds, a group called the Watersons, who sing really ancient-sounding English folk songs, unaccompanied voices, weird harmonies. "This is a medieval song," Chris explains, "it's called 'The Killing of the Corn,' it's like the corn is like Christ and the harvest is the Crucifixion. They are just a young group, just three kids, I think, but they have their sound down beautifully."

"Why do you think kids are getting so hung up on old things right now, like the Watersons, old clothes and stuff?"

"It's because they don't want to live through this time, they don't want to be part of it . . ." says Chris. Stevie: "Yeah, but it's the way they are used, it's almost like antique value . . . it's like an antique thing but yet it's the fact that things are taken from back then and used now, expressed now. We are using them, not just taking things."

There's a crash in the next room. "That must be the ghost," says Chris, "there's one here, you know, really, it's supposed to be the spirit of this student who drowned himself in the well. Albert's the only one who's heard it but he was passed at the time. The people in the village say the only thing that can exorcise it is Beatles music."

"Do you really believe in the supernatural?"

"It's more natural, you know, it's a natural thing really; super natural, more real . . ." says Chris. Stevie: "Yeah, it's the way things really are, because natural means something you've known before, you know which doesn't just happen, it happens in a super way. Super is natural; if it doesn't come across it's because of the environment we're in, we just need to take it further and further, deeper into it . . ." It's getting dark, and it was hard enough to find our way in the daylight so we wish Chris and Stevie good luck on their first American tour and split back to London.

* * *

Summer. A really hot day in July. Stevie picks us up in his car and we drive out of hot sticky London onto the hot sticky A4 towards Henley. It's so warm it's hard to believe we're in England, more like a clear day in L.A. Car talk, great day, great to be getting out of London, how was the last tour in the States, we heard you stayed on an Indian reservation. "Oh the States was great, we really dug San Francisco. No, I didn't really live on a reservation, just went to visit, it was really like a sort of tourist Indian reservation. I did shake hands with the chief, though."

"Did you build the recording studio at the cottage yet?"

"Yeah, well, not really. Like we've got this stereo machine and that's all you need really. I don't dig the idea of studios. It's a very like sterile scene, in a studio the idea is to eliminate the character of room you're recording in so that the sound will be pure, that's very impersonal really. I think the sound of the room is very interesting, like every room has its own character, and the room in the cottage where we do rough takes of the songs has its own special quality, because it is an old house and you can tell what kind of room the sound was recorded in when you listen to the tape."

"Also I dig the idea of doing the recording together without tracking so that you hear the group as a single together thing. I can't see the point of everyone going in and recording separately, like the drummer doing his track and then the guitarists and then the vocals, it's artificial and it never sounds as tight as when the group is actually playing together and reacting to each other. Anyway if you record something on an 8 or 16 track machine, you have to go through all that mixing down, reducing, back to two tracks to put on the album, it's a bit pointless really, and we can get the same effect with a stereo machine. I'm not into electronics, though I listen to a lot of electronic music like Penderecki, that sort of thing, there are a few things that have to be done before, like getting into the flow, a constant flow of writing, playing, well, just a flow. We have been trying a lot of different things without any kind of amplification, although the guitar is actually the only instrument that improves its quality by being amplified, most amplification just adds more power . . .

"We thought about growing vegetables and things up at the cottage, but it's really hard to get together, because we never know when we are going to be there. Albert started to put out a garden in the front, but it never got together for some reason . . . there's one thing we would like to grow, but I don't think there is enough sunshine in England. A friend of mine offered to give us a goat, but they are very aggressive, when I went to look at him all he did was charge into things."

We get to Aston Tirrold about two o'clock. As we come down the dirt road up to the cottage, we see a beekeeper disappear into some bushes. Stevie says "I heard him talking to his bees the other day."

"That must have been interesting."

"Oh not really, it was more like 'Git in that yer bastards!'"

When we get to the cottage Chris and Jimmy Miller are sitting outside in the sun. Jimmy Miller is in his cowboy hat, beaming in the flashing light, the cottage suddenly resembles a rock hide-out in one of the canyons. We get out of Stevie's car and everybody piles into Dave Mason's Land Rover.

Chris is checking out our position on an ordnance survey map. "Look over there, The Devil's Clawmarks." Chris points to a bank across the valley. I look out of the window and on a steep hill there are several long gashes about a hundred yards long where the chalk has been exposed like a wound on the grassy green slope. It looks like some slurry paleozoic monster lost his grip here and left these chalky scars raking down the side of this gently rolling valley, a reminder that He was here, His Satanic Majesty.

The cottage is on the large estate of a famous racehorse owner. Driving through it you keep coming across water-jumps, bales of hay, surreal walls and fences where they train the horses, little artificial landscapes set in the real thing, stage sets for animals, a one act play for a horse, a sudden circus in field; paper sun.

The afternoon is suspended in time and place. There are no bearings; no roads, no houses, no cars, no telephone poles, no indications of place or direction, our destination is simply the miraculous, the signs and markings of ancient cultures, tumuli, Stone Age encampments, burial mounds, a side where a dragon was slain, a magical landscape that has remained intact for 2000 years. The farmers have left most of these earthworks untouched, either because they are too massive, or out of superstitious respect. They are impressive, even the smaller encampments, rings of green covered with bristling bushes, isolated in freshly ploughed fields like giant caterpillars.

Uffington is one of the most amazing sites in Britain. A steep slope rushes down to a giant mossy hillock at the bottom, the dragon mound, and shining on the hillside above it is the famous Celtic chalk drawing the White Horse of Uffington, an image about 100 feet long cut into the turf on the steep northern scarp of the Berkshire Downs. It was carved by Celtic tribes living in the Thames basin about 20 B.C., hacking out the turf with deer antlers. It's very abstract and it's hard to make out exactly what it is supposed to represent.

"They don't know actually what it is," Chris says, "some people say it's a dragon and others think it's a horse. Down there is where they are supposed to have killed the dragon, he's buried in that mound down there. That's the eye of the dragon up there at the top of the hill." A square with a chalk circle in the middle. Chris dances on the eye of the dragon like a witch doctor.

We fall out on the grass, turned to stone in silent wonder. "It reminds me of this place I stayed at in the desert," Jimmy says, "we'd put this swivel chair on the top of a hill, just sitting turning around looking at the sunset in every direction. Long way from the Brill Building and all those New York hustlers."

The long ridges on the top of the hill, furrows, where the Ark is said have touched bottom, when the waters covered the earth. Something incredible happened here. This place would be awesome even without the White Horse or the dragon mound. Sheep tracks trickle down in unbelievable configurations where the land is folded like the creases in an angel's robe. Pattern is everywhere; topological emanations. It is easy to understand why the Druids, who placed so much importance on patterns in the land (the astrological symbols written into the landscape around Glastonbury), should have chosen this as a sacred place, and why Traffic come here often to sit and watch the evening sun go down. In the photograph that was taken here for their second album, an uncanny solar accident; the sun refracted the pentagonal image of the pentax mirror onto the negative, leaving a ghostly pentagon glowing from the hillside above Stevie's head. In the centre of the pentagon Traffic put the Wheel of Fortune, the fiery sun wheel that the Celts used to ward off Winter and Death.

So often I have seen that big Wheel of Fortune
Spinning for the man who holds the ace
There's many that would change their places
for me
But none of them have ever seen his lonely face.

* * *

When we get back to the cottage everyone is starving. Nothing to eat except peanut butter, bread and some cereal. There's a large bowl of peaches and cream in the refrigerator with a dozen glittering moths and gnats drowning in it. Chris wonders whether it can be salvaged, then chuckles. Stevie plays us some tracks from the new album on the tape machine, Eric Burdon's wife arrives with a couple of chicks and the evening begins. Albert has already started shifting the equipment outside onto the stage in front of the house; Phil has arrived with a light show; two sets of six different colored lights responding to six different phased harmonic frequencies, a bubble screen, a liquid light show, and the only overhead projector in England (from the old Zoot Money Dantalion's Chariot stage show). Just Stevie, Chris and Dave are jamming but the sound booms out across the little valley. Jim isn't at the cottage this weekend so Stevie provides the percussion using a Speed King foot pedal with a tambourine wired on to it to keep time. Stevie and Dave are playing guitars and Chris various wind instruments.

A fantasy become a reality for Traffic. There was a time when even playing together was just a fantasy. Stevie: "It started actually with a big hang-up with Dave over a year ago, it was before Traffic had started, but it really had started. Dave got this paranoia that he couldn't play his instrument, you see, because we went through this scene of knowing each other before we got into playing, because all the time I was playing with Spencer we used to go around together but we never got a chance to play together and Dave got this hang-up about not being able to play, and this is really how the 'Fantasy' theme came about.

—Continued on Next Page



GERF'D MANKOWITZ



—Continued from Page 15

Likes to us music was a fantasy because we used to think in terms of it but we never get to play together so playing was a fantasy."

It's still very warm so we walk into one of the fields opposite the house and sit down. The front of the cottage has become a gigantic screen for the light show. Giant bubbles seem to drift down from the sky, light and colour flashing, breathing in time with the music that explodes from the stage. R & B riffs, freaky moans from the bass, and Chris's flute lyrically whistling like a mechanical bird into the Berkshire night. Images cover Stevie, Chris, and Dave. From the slope they are scarcely discernable, from the wall of colour, surging, suspended, patterns melting, swelling up like a tidal wave of light and sound that is about to engulf everything. The moon is the only other presence. A marathon session. It goes on till five or six in the morning, they stop for a sandwich or a bowl of Weetabix or a smoke.

Sunrise. Everyone stops, packs in, sits down on the edge of the stage, drinks a bottle of beer and listens to the incredible noise that has just drowned out everything. It's morning and the birds have taken over. We just sit there and look around at everything. Stevie, Chris and Dave go to take a look at the sunrise from Roman Hill, everybody else staggers upstairs and falls out in one of the bedrooms. When we get up it is early Saturday afternoon; dead silence. We go downstairs, sit outside and listen to the wind and crickets. Chris has fallen out on the slope in front of the house, arms and legs stretched out. It's really hot again and he's very sunburnt. Albert comes down and tries to wake him.

A couple of elegant gentlemen in jodhpurs and riding boots come rattling up the road in a Land Rover "Look here, I know this sounds a bit odd, but we've lost a horse. Exercising in one of the upper fields. Must've wandered off, you know. Haven't seen him. Have you?"

In a couple of hours everyone is up, spilling out of the cottage into the sunshine with bowls of cereal and cups of tea. Twitch arrives from London with some "ammunition." It becomes like an Indian encampment on the grass in front of the cottage. "You didn't bring any blinding light down with you, old man, by any chance . . . no? Pity," asks a very dignified old gentleman in tweeds who could have been an ex-prime minister. Someone is rapping about seeing 2001 on speed.

Chris talking about a paranoia trip, the time Traffic thought they were going to Vietnam. "Our road manager, Johnny Glover, comes down, well, he's like, he put you on quite a bit, he was talking about he was listening to the radio driving down to Henley. And he got us into a state already. Then we got off the boat, we were quite worried, we had rented this boat for the summer, and when we came back, I said, 'Listen, I'm going to buy a newspaper,' because like we wanted to see the headlines, and when we were getting off the boat, and there was a guy sitting right there just beside the boat and we could see the headlines clearly W-A-R and we just freeze on the boat and we had this meal it was like the Last Supper. I couldn't even hold the milk. Everything we did was like the last time, 'they're playing our song,' well that's funny now, but then, man . . . we really thought we were going."

Unexpectedly the afternoon turns around. Strange changes. A dragon was awakened under one of the mounds. Undercurrents have ambushed the afternoon. Long silences filled with electricity. Every sentence takes on an ominous meaning. Someone is smashing up an old Land Rover with an axe; the day is being torn apart.

We go for a walk and when we get back it is late afternoon. Stevie is sitting alone on the stage. He doesn't say anything, after a while hands us some contact sheets. Old fences, faces flashing in another dimension, simple objects transformed into symbols, they were taken on another planet . . . "Chris and I shot these on acid," Stevie says. "Did you bring it up here?" Stevie asks, showing us the cover which says:

REWARD

For Information Leading to the Apprehension of
JESUS CHRIST

WANTED—For Sedition, Criminal Anarchy,
Vagrancy, and Conspiracy to Overthrow
The Established Government

"That's what would happen to him today. He would be like an enemy to this society. I think they would put someone like that in jail. Like children, I mean they are so beautiful . . . always stopping them, telling them you can't do this, you can't do that, school is really a bad thing too, it's like restraining them to be like everybody else. They are too open, a threat to what has been built up. I went to see this movie last week, it was Italian and it was called *The Passion According To St. Matthew*, they didn't use any actors in it, just farmers, and ordinary people that they found. It was really beautiful, it wasn't like a movie at all."

We have to get back to London. Stevie offered to drive us, but it's too beautiful a day. "I can drive you to the station. I'll buy your ticket, I know you don't have any bread," he says intuitively, and goes into the cottage to check out the train times. He is on the phone for an incredibly long time. The cat at the other end is making him repeat things, putting him through changes. He gives up in exasperation. The railway station is a grey gingerbread monster, an appropriate gateway to the lower world. We say goodbye to Stevie and wait patiently for that train to come.



Chris Wood

BARON WOLMAN

BY JONATHAN COTT

The interview took place at Traffic's Berkshire cottage three weeks before the break-up. Everyone was waking up when we arrived one early golden-leaved afternoon, and we all listened to tapes of Hugh Masekela, Steve Stills, and the second Supersession playing "Mr. Fantasy," followed by a selection of beautiful Swan Silvertones performances.

Everyone sat around the living and listening room—quiet and high-day vibrations. The interview was interrupted by interruptions—but then the interview itself was an interruption—and by a mad, cold, sliding in the mud drive (Stevie and Chris sort of in control of the wheel) in a jeep up to Roman Fields, where you find not only pure uncomplicated air but also a 360 degree view of what seems like the world.

After the interview, we jammed in the instrument room—Stevie on drums, Jim on one organ, and your interviewer on another. (Everyone's a musician in the Traffic cottage). Then Jim, Chris, and Stevie took over and went on with their fantastic music until dawn, as they did most days and nights they were together.

Could we talk about some of your musical beginnings. Were the three of you in the group Deep Feeling back in Birmingham?

Jim: Just me. And Dave [Mason] was for awhile. Actually, he left before we changed the name of the group to Deep Feeling. It was group in Evesham, which is near Birmingham. We were doing most of our own things. We did a Davy Graham number which was actually a Leadbelly piece called "Leavin' Blues." Davy had come back from Tangiers and made this folk blues LP and did this version which was influenced by the music he heard in Tangiers. We did the same kind of set that we did in Birmingham in British Railway Workers' Clubs. It was totally out of place.

Chris: I was in a group called Locomotive, on and off while I was at college, and then I left college. There were four of us in the group, and we were playing what I then thought was jazz but now know was 12 bar sequences on piano, bass, and drum. We'd do the occasional wedding reception, Club Social, British Legion meeting on Saturdays. You'd have to play standard waltzes

and foxtrots, but we tried to do as much jazz as we could get away with.

Stevie: I was in college, but I got kicked out. It was a very free school, but I created a "bad impression." Like I was a bit more fiery in those days. At the time I got kicked out, I knew exactly what I was going to do and didn't even bother to go back for a leaving certificate. Then I was singing in folk clubs around Birmingham and playing jazz in clubs on Sundays.

Chris: Saturdays, dinner time, musicians used to get together and jam at a pub called the Chapel. There was a great scene, some great blowing things going on in Birmingham. You could go to a pub at dinner time and then go to an afternoon club and someplace else in the evening. Kids would mass up to Manchester and then down to the clubs in Birmingham.

What's Birmingham like?

Stevie: It's called the Black Country. The West Midland people are the people Tolkien was supposed to have based his Hobbits on. It's really heavy industrial.

Jim: The people are definitely character types, like Liverpool people—the accent, attitudes. Birmingham's very much like Chicago. Maybe more like Detroit, and it's got a heavy genuine musical scene.

How did you all finally get together?

Stevie: It was at the end of my Spencer Davis Group days, and we all used to go to this drinking-gambling club where Jim used to play, and like we used to get up and play with him and jam. And we just got together.

When did the Spencer Davis Group happen?

Stevie: Well it didn't exactly happen. It happened but on a sort of false level. It was almost like a joke gone too far—that's what it seemed to me. It wasn't serious. In a way it was good just picking up an instrument and playing it and singing, but it wasn't thought about as it is now. It's just a matter of wanting to do something else.

Like I was pretty ignorant. With a song like "Somebody Help Me," for instance, like suddenly this guy came around and said, "Here's a song for you to sing," he just arrived in the studio like that. I just wasn't into it. "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "I'm a Man" were more personal, but I sort of did them. I didn't think about it much.



Stevie Winwood

BARON WOLMAN

Chris: When you consider American jazz, groups have stuck together, but individually there's never been any restructiveness because each member of a group has made an album on his own. Art Blakey used to keep a group together for three or four years, but at the same time the individual members were doing other things. And it's good that this is now happening in pop, as long as you try to keep the group together. We played on a Joe Cocker session. And Stevie and I played on the Hendrix LP.

Jim: Big Pink has been together nine years, and they're not like anything less or more than they are because they've been together nine years. It's the fact that they've been together—they have a nice thing together.

Stevie: And the Stax people have been together something like fifteen years.

What was the first song you recorded as Traffic?

Jim: "Mulberry Bush." The original version was beautiful. It was an instrumental-type sounding thing and we just blew it. We put words in, recorded in one studio, then another studio.

Chris: There was "Mulberry Bush," "Giving To You," and "Paper Sun." The last two came out first, and then four months later "Mulberry Bush" came out, when in fact it was the first thing we did.

Your words and your music often strangely go in different directions. The words for "Dealer," for example, are

morally strong, yet the music is light Mexican style.

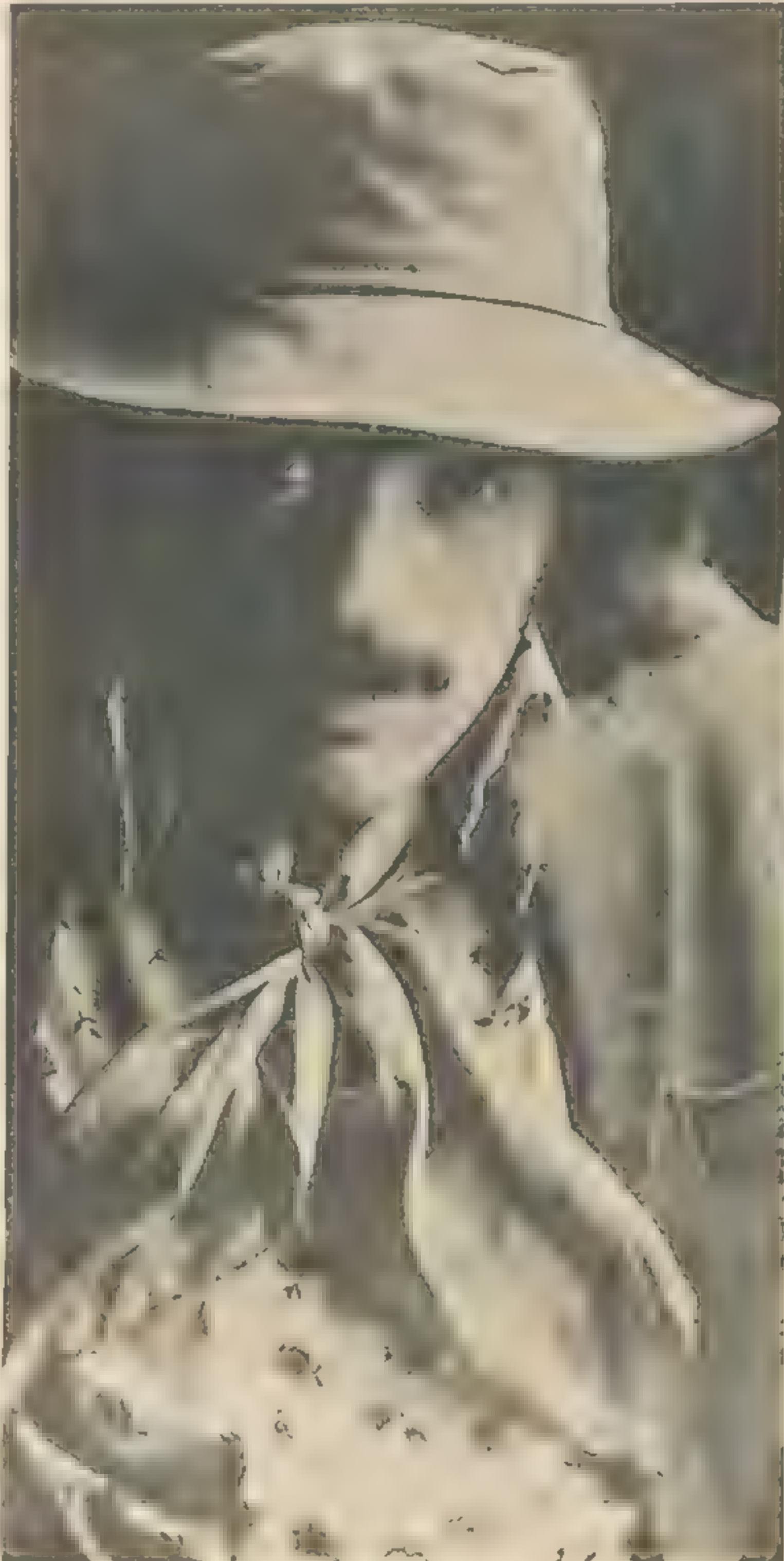
Jim: I know exactly what you mean. The song was actually about a gambler type and it was painting a picture. I wrote the theme to the words using three chords—C, F, and G—which gave us that Spanish effect, and Stevie did the arranging. We decided to treat it for what it was and compliment it with the natural Mexican feel.

Chris: Some lyrics are philosophical in the way we put them across, and with others we're just concerned with the sound of the lyrics—the meaning doesn't count so much. Like with "Medicated Goo" where the words are quite light but the way they're written makes them come out rhythmically strong.

Jim: Like the Beatles in "Revolution." It has an obvious blues theme—they put their own thing to it, and that's why it sounds so nice.

Stevie: Most of the sort of changes that have ever been done have been done because in the western scale there are only twelve notes so there are only twelve changes, and it's almost impossible for anybody to put changes together to create a new mood because all the moods that can be created by putting different changes together have already been created. Now there seems to be more emphasis on like actually putting them together, like using old themes, old moods, and old changes, and it's the way they're put together.

—Continued on Page 20



Dave Mason

which makes them strong as songs. Dylan's "John Wesley Hardin" is very old music. Like the Beatles' "Your Mother Should Know"—it's the way they take the old moods, 'cause it's difficult to create new moods without it sounding freaky.

Chris: But the sort of change that's coming is the sound, the overall sound itself and the way you play it. It's going to be new anyway because A, it's going to be played by you in 1968 and B, if you're aware of yourself as a human being, it's going to tie up with basic human experience, we hope. Think of the Beatles' rock music which is really like collages of old rock stuff, but the sound they get on it is 1968. You don't hear them as a rock revival. If you're a very technical musician, and some people are, you just give a very beautiful technical reading—that's often what happens, you're just a person who plays tricks; even if you're in time, you're not getting anything across.

Jim: It's like Dylan's timing—perfect timing, yet very personal, and it gives the character to his voice. If you take the time away, you take the character away.

Chris: You could take one of the Booker T and the MG's records. You can see how they keep to the metronome, but there's a great deal besides that there. It's the personal thing which comes across strongly. That's why I say so many technical musicians are just technique and no creativity and it's boring.

"Means to an End" seems to play with timing beautifully.

Jim: That just happened because of the way we laid the track down. I laid drums down first, then Stevie laid bass, guitar, then vocals on top. And it goes double time at the end, and it's strong because it goes that way in relation to something.

Stevie: Music is a science, in many ways it's mathematical. For instance a lot of Bach's things were just mathematical exercises, patterns, but in doing that he turned out beautiful pieces of music, like the *Two Part Inventions*.

If you think of the recording studio, like they use that technical knowledge and yet things come out beautifully. If there's a new map, you use it, but like you never really do it unless these things are there in the first place. So like you work with the media which you come into contact with, which you develop like scientists. But then there's *John Wesley Hardin*. It's a very minstrel scene. It's the oldest way and that's usually the best.

In "Dealer," the guy you're singing about is dead—his feelings are dead. In "Means to An End," you seem to be singing about a friend whose feelings are also dead—"Like Peter you disowned me/with a voice as cold as ice" And in Dave's "Feelin' Alright," you get that opening nightmare vision and then the feeling of betrayed friendship. What is this about?

Stevie: It seems about us.

Chris: Afterwards some of the songs seem to have been prophetic. "Feelin'



Jim Capaldi

"Alright" was just written about a chick, as far as I know, but it means more than that.

Jim: Some of the words come because I happen to like their sound. It's nice to say "Shanghai Noodle Factory," but it doesn't mean anything.

Stevie: No, man. "Shanghai Noodle Factory" has got a strong meaning. It's just that it's a ridiculous meaning.

A lot of your songs are message songs: "Don't Be Sad," "Heaven is in Your Mind."

Stevie: Some people know and some people don't know. It's just a case of telling the people who don't know.

Jim: It's a sort of philosophy you cook up for yourself. You probably write things the same as everybody else, but it's your own personal way of saying things.

In "No Name, No Face" you sing "Trying to find myself must be the only way to be free," as if you were searching for part of yourself and not someone else. "Hey Jude" is about someone, but "Colored Rain" seems more about the feeling of colored rain—what it feels like to be colored rain—than about the song's person. And then there's "Mr. Fantasy." There don't seem to be too many persons in your songs.

Stevie: Yeah. But don't these feelings relate to people as well? In life you can get a feeling which is part of a person, the same as in the songs. Music is almost our representation of our fantasies and so our songs are representations of our fantasies.

Jim: We all get a feeling of something. I can't explain that feeling in words, it would be a color, like in painting. With some moods you have to hear the mood.

In "Colored Rain," I wrote the words and then Stevie did something to them. Without saying or doing anything, without any sort of usual communication, we found just the sound that it should have had. I mean if you have words and want to write music for them, the words hit you with a feeling which you can't really describe in words, and so what you do is to put music to them and in this way you make contact with the words, through the musical thing. It happens when two feelings come together and they do something together and they compliment each other.

What about the line in "Vagabond

Virgin" which goes "Your twisted mind has no escape."

Jim: A guy heard the song in the studio when we recorded it and said that it sounded like an Oscar Brown lyric, but that line about "your twisted mind," he said, that's a bit heavy. You see people pick up on the same things. I like to hear songs which can lay it all on, songs which can look at the dark side as well as the bright side, sometimes they can be as strong as each other. Love and hatred are close I wrote this short poem once:

*Love and Hatred were walking down a heavy road
Love was sweetly singing but she did not mind the load
Hatred looked across and said "You make me sick to death"
But Love just kept on walking while the wind stole Hatred's breath*

The original title for "Means to an End" was "Death," incidentally.

Oscar Brown has a song about a young girl whose parents are filthy rich and this chick winds up on the road with a stocking around her neck. He gets on to things like carving the flesh, a "you really fucked me up and now you're going to fuck somebody else up" feeling. It was heavy on me at the time, but I could still dig what he was saying.

It's really almost like some of the things are put together at different times and in different places and they have so many different meanings. About the words to "Vagabond Virgin": Dave rejoined us in New York during our first tour. He dug the words and fit the melody to it. What you were saying about the words being heavy and the music sweeter: you hear two different entities going together. It's like the words—a young girl from the villages—suddenly meeting the music. Sometimes they crash and sometimes they combine beautifully and other places they contrast, and it's nice to hear.

"You Can All Join In" begins as a happy party song, but you hear words like "Help me, set me free," as if a demon were inside of you, and so in order to get rid of him you jump back in with a "join in . . . just be what you want to be" It's like exorcising the demons.

Stevie: Yeah. That in a way is the role of music and has been for a long

—Continued on Next Page



time. Like sometimes you have a music which tells of a spirit which is inside of you and you sing about banishing it or tearing it out of you.

To go from demons to the idea of a musical community: in the States, a lot of bands live together, but this doesn't occur frequently in England. The only other group I can think of that lives and works together is the Small Faces, who have a kind of Traffic quality in songs like "Itchycoo Park" and "Rene."

Jim: The Faces have a very strong family feel, which is beautiful because everybody digs that feeling. They came to some of our recording sessions and they did the shouting on "Berkshire Poppies," in fact.

Stevie: The living together is very important in a way. It's important for writing. It wouldn't be important if we were like just getting other people's numbers together, we'd just have to meet at rehearsals, but writing is something almost completely different. A song, no matter who writes it, really has to come to all of us, and writing with us is really a slow process. And during the time we're writing, it's important for us to be together. If each of us wrote individually and each lived in different places, then I don't think that the songs that were written would be common to all three of us.

Chris: Even setting up a place to live is part of expressing yourself because it's part of setting yourself in the right environment to get together what you want to get together. Even if you give up writing for three months you're obviously doing something that's going to come out later.

Stevie: It's like the story of someone asking some guy who was just sitting around if he was working, and he said, Well, I'm just thinking of a sax riff. I don't think you have necessarily to be in any particular place to write. You can write things which are good songs or which are good to play or which are good for your playing. Although we like moving and progressing with things we're doing, I don't think we're leaving anything behind. Like "Pearly Queen" is an extension of blues. It's just getting broader. There isn't exactly any set pattern—we're not out to achieve anything except to turn people on to our music.

Why did Dave leave the group?

Stevie: He just expresses himself in a different way than we do. It's really as simple as that. He expresses himself not altogether through "music" but through "songs." It's difficult to explain the difference, but like the fact is, there was a difference. Like "Feelin' Alright" was Dave's song, but he didn't create the mood.

I don't know how he returned the first time after he'd left. During the first tour of the States we were going through a bad state, mainly because we only had about a couple of weeks before we went to the States as a trio, and a lot of the numbers we were doing weren't actually written for a trio. We needed somebody else in the group and then Dave appears in New York.

How did you find your trips to the States?

Stevie: The first trip was great. The second was a disaster, because of lots of things. There was something going on—the way we were feeling. I got laryngitis, and the places we were playing were worse than the places we'd

played before. So we decided then that we would come back and we did.

I'd never like to stay in one place anyway. I don't think it would make any difference anyway. We'd probably like staying in the States for a bit, but after six months or so we'd want to come back again, and after six months here we'd want to go back to the States.

People were selling speed in Haight-Ashbury. But really as far as music goes, I couldn't get over it—the light shows—I couldn't get over it.

Jim: The States are great. I'd like to go just to see life, see things and hear people talk. It's like a circus where different acts go on at the same time.

Stevie: The audiences there seem somehow to have the right idea. A lot of English audiences don't even know why they go to see a group. I don't think Hendrix and Cream tried very hard here. Hendrix found an audience here but he came from New York anyway, and you always end up where you started. And I don't think Cream gave it a chance. They gave just one tour here, and that was before they got into what they've been into.

You've done more jamming in the States than you've done here.

Stevie: That was because when we went there, like because of the state we were in, we hadn't gotten any numbers together for the trio.

Chris: It's a thing which I think we do well. If you've found you do that best and you're receptive to that sort of thing, you naturally get into it. There are stacks of tapes here which aren't completed things, but things we've never done on record. There are lots of sides to us which haven't come out.

How do you go about deciding on instrumentation? In "Heaven Is in Your Mind," for example.

Stevie: It started with Jim, Chris, and me in this room. I was playing bass, Chris was playing sax, and Jim was playing drums, and I just got into that bass riff and then Jim got some words which we put to it one day. And then we just went to the studio and did it, and I put a piano on it.

Chris: Usually we start by making a sort of demo of the music and then in the studio it either keeps pretty well to the demo or it finally becomes something else. It's almost better to be more limited—some of the pieces are strong in character, and then when we go in the studio it changes.

How did "Mr. Fantasy" come about?

Stevie: It was done on impulse with practically nothing worked out, because it was almost jammed. The initial spirit of the whole thing was captured on record—which is very rare. That was one of the things, because it's not specifically an outstanding melody or an outstanding chord sequence or anything. It's basically quite simple. They're very simple lyrics and they're repeated three times.

Actually how it started was that Jim did a drawing during a time when we were thinking about cover ideas for the first LP. And Jim drew a picture of this guy who was Mr. Fantasy with hair like the Statue of Liberty, he had on a long robe and he was playing a guitar with strings coming from his fingers, and by the side of it Jim had written: "Dear Mr. Fantasy, sing us a

tune/Something to make us all happy/Do anything, take us out of this gloom/Sing a song, play guitar, make it snappy." Just these four lines scribbled out at the side, just a single poem for the front cover. And then Jim flaked out and Chris and I stayed up all night and then got the thing together. And we set a live mike on a stage in the studio. We tried sitting in the little boxes and cans, but it just didn't work on this number. It wasn't half so strong after we'd done it. It was time that gave it a lot of meaning.

What about "No Time to Live" with that sax opening?

Jim: It reminded me of an Inca feeling.

Stevie: It was like a hunting horn, very distant. It was like a mood that was created rather than a piece of music. It's what we've always been hung up doing.

Jim: Why hung up?

Stevie: What we've always been trying to do. Also, that was the difference with Dave, since he wasn't so much into moods as sounds.

Chris: Everything has a mood. A song has a mood, but it has to be strengthened by what goes on around it.

In songs like "Mr. Fantasy" and "Heaven Is in Your Mind," it's as if your hearts were on your sleeves. But in songs like your paranoia hymn "40,000 Headmen" or "Who Knows What Tomorrow May Bring" it's almost as if you're playing a joke on yourself.

Stevie: I know what you mean. Just like we go through moods like that, music does it in the same way. Just like everybody goes through different moods, feelings, in different ways. I don't think that we're trying to create any sort of sound or mood.

Jim: It's strange the way people hear and see things. Like going to films—violent films. To me, seeing violence in a film makes me hate the violence. But there's beauty in violence if it's put over the right way.

How much are you concerned with what's happening with the revolution outside?

Stevie: Like our music hasn't anything exactly to do with street fighting. But then again I don't think that the music leaves it out. I feel we're part of it without trying to force it on anybody.

Chris: I don't think it should become too political. I don't agree with putting across a strong political view point. It's almost as bad as the society that people are fighting against.

While Aretha Franklin's "Think" is about love, it's also about being black.

Jim: There's too much read into pop music, and it loses its natural beauty. But it can't help being pushed that way because the kids expect it.

In our fan mail the other day, there was a poem from this chick and it really sounded like she was praying. It wasn't a good healthy scream, which is quite natural. She was so deeply filled with double meanings. And it was about us and I suppose she looked to us because there's nowhere else to look. They turn to you as an outlet for something. I saw 2,000 kids gathered in a crowd in New York all hollering "Lead us to our origin"—that's a bit stupid. Personally I feel embarrassed. It's nice that they look to you for something, but to look at you as a sort of leader, some sort of spiritual guide: it's hard to ex-

plain that you're not. It's hard to break that sort of fantasy.

Chris: When you do something, even if it's the stupidest of lyrics, if you put it over as if you really meant it, that's when you get communication.

Dylan was doing a session and this chick who had come to his house to see him went down to the studio. She was twelve and there was this woman there who was thirty-five, and it was pouring with rain. So he called the song "Rainy Day Women—Numbers 12 and 35." We read things in the paper, like it was some sort of Mexican scene or about marijuana. That's what's so beautiful about him—his ridiculous sense of humor.

Chris: About Black Power, there are areas where blacks and whites have lived together, and then you get some newspaper coming along and talking about Black Power. Stokely Carmichael said "We're finishing off the work started by Malcolm X." When does it end? The whole problem just keeps getting hundred down.

Stevie: White men have been using spades as fucking slaves in the States for ages now. They haven't been able to break out before. You know—I haven't been a slave. They've been repressed, really badly repressed, and they're rebelling against it, and I think that it's perfectly right that they should.

Jim: You treat spades just like anybody else and you aren't conscious of their color. Then you read the newspapers and watch TV and you hear about Black Power, and naturally people who aren't conscious about all of that suddenly become aware of it.

Stevie: But that's what they want to do—make people aware of what's happening to the black people.

Isn't your song "Pearly Queen" describing a stereotype?

Stevie: Nice one. You know what I mean?

Stevie: No, I don't really. Races and different people are going to have their own images and their own background, their own beliefs and forms of magic. But "Pearly Queen"—have you ever seen a Pearly Queen? They're Cockneys, men and women, incredible people with pearl buttons and sequins all over their clothes—they're Kings and Queens.

I'm not sure I believe in integration unless it's pure. If you think about integration, it loses its point. It happens in some places, man, it really does.

For a long time the only serious music has been coming out of the States, and it's only recently that English people have been thinking about their music, thinking with a bit more conviction than they've had. Before, it's always come from America, and therefore that's where a lot of the influence has come from. When you're out of it, you can see where the good music is coming from.

Chris: Now there's too much going on, but if you're not serious with what you're doing, it shows up. I've been hearing about "manufactured" groups, and that's really true. I went to One Stop [a record store specializing in American rock] and there were 100 albums just from the West Coast.

Jim: If music be the food of love, play on!

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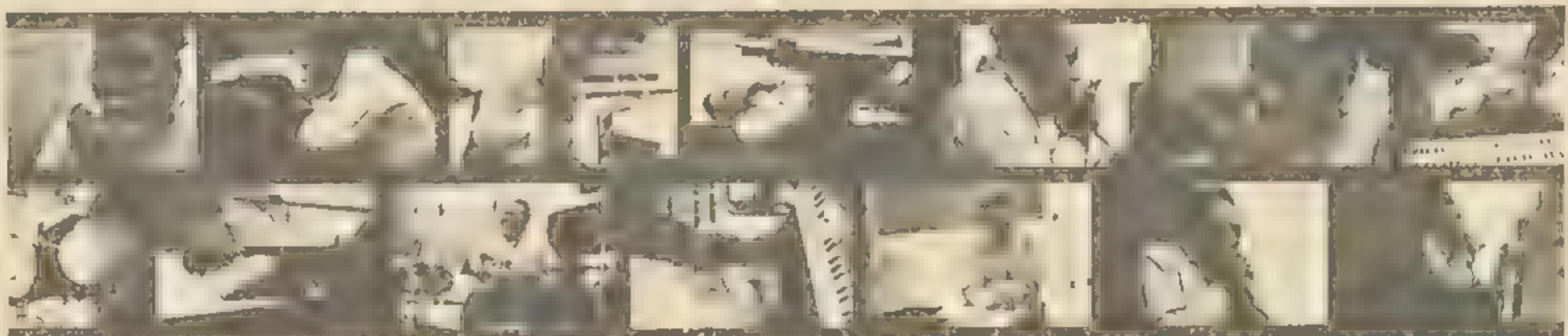


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PERSPECTIVES: LET'S SPREAD THE GOODIES AROUND

By RALPH J. GLEASON

If there is one single thing that is in the air today—aside from the nonsense about the earthquake (aaaaaaaak! what was that noise?)—it is the question of responsibility.

The Rascals have announced that they will not go on the Ed Sullivan TV show (applause!) and that they will not appear on concerts unless the bill is divided between black and white.

John Mayall is producing an album about the life of J. B. Lenoir and turning the proceeds of it over to Lenoir's widow.

Dick Waterman, who is one of the most honest and dedicated managers in the business, has remarked on how good it is that Skip James' song, "I'm So Glad," has been made into such a money maker by the Cream since it will give James, now an elderly and ill man, a chance for financial security in his last years. Waterman's point is well taken and it leads to a further application.

There is absolutely no reason whatsoever that the major blues groups, British and American, cannot insist that their tours of this country should be shared by the surviving blues men. The Beatles, the Cream, the Rolling Stones, all have grossed more money on a single set of concert tours here than Muddy Waters, say, has done in a lifetime. That statement, I believe, is quite literally true.

The Beatles are out of it and apparently won't tour anyway. The Stones' tour is off indefinitely. But when it does occur, it would be a decent, honorable gesture for them to insist on, say Muddy Waters, being on that show all the way instead of some silly act the agency is trying to build up.

In June Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Stevie Winwood will begin a 24 concert tour of the U.S. If they go out alone and do the whole show by themselves, that's one thing. But if they do concerts in the usual format, i.e., with two or three other groups, then they really ought to pay homage to the people who invented this music. A concert tour by Clapton, Baker, Winwood, et cie. on which, say, Magic Sam was introduced to huge American audiences would be a very good thing. It would make for a good show, be a truly fine gesture and might, in the long run, turn out to be worth while from every point of view, especially enlightening the audience Jimi Hendrix could bring along Little Richard, for instance, on his tour.

The possibilities are endless. The point is that huge numbers of Americans who have seen Canned Heat have never heard nor heard of, much less seen, the blues men from which the group springs.

There is history and there is right and wrong and



Screamin' Jay Hawkins

there is good as well as evil in this world. If this music and its practitioners stand for anything, it is for life against death, good against evil and the blessing of youth against the curse of age.

I don't care about the performances of the leading groups. By which I mean, it makes no difference to the idea here whether or not one digs Hendrix, Clapton and the rest. It is a fact that they attract audiences in America as nothing else has ever done. It is

also a fact that their music has roots and in the curious speed-up of the time warp, the originators of much of it are still alive, if aging.

Let's have a good time but also let's spread a little of the goodies around. Most blues originators have been betrayed, pillaged and victimized by everybody, black or white, who dealt with them over the years. Their tunes have unclear publishing titles even now. Who owns something that was recorded under ten different names in five years may never be settled. The argument over whether someone has stolen a tune or whether it's public domain has lots of ramifications.

But there is surely one thing that can be done and that is to give these men work and it is really up to the leading groups themselves to insist on this.

The answer that it can't be done because someone won't allow it, or the agency is against it, if any one has the chutzpah to give it, is a crock. Nobody can make you go out on a concert tour with three or four support acts that stink unless you are willing.

Let's clear up another thing. I am not writing particularly about Chuck Berry (though a show with him and say, Canned Heat would be very interesting) because Berry is a man who has been lucky enough (in a hard life at that) to have held onto publishing and to have had songs on Beatles albums and to have made real money.

What I am talking about is the presentation to the young American audience by groups such as Clapton-Baker-Wood, Led Zeppelin, Canned Heat, Creedence Clearwater, Mike Bloomfield, Janis Joplin, and of course the Rolling Stones and the Who, of black blues artists such as T-Bone Walker, B. B. King, Buddy Guy, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Magic Sam, Otis Spann, Otis Rush, Joe Turner, Little Richard, Lavern Baker, Little Miss Cornshucks, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Bo Diddley, and so on. There are plenty of them. They can still perform (many of them are still first rate, even if some of them are at the end of their careers).

Art Tatum was a great jazz pianist, central to the development of jazz piano style. One of the very best things Stan Kenton ever did was to take Tatum on a coast-to-coast concert tour and introduce an audience of young jazz fans who had never heard of Tatum, to a true master. That was a contribution to American culture of real importance.

Joe Turner and Son House are not young men but they can still sing. So can Eddie Vinson, Charles Brown, Louis Jordan and Percy Mayfield. Names keep popping into my mind. The idea is so groovy I can see them now. Canned Heat, B. B. King. On the same bill—WOW!

REVOLUTION: THE DEAR JOHN LETTERS

This exchange of letters between John Lennon and John Hoyland appeared in The Black Dwarf, a revolutionary socialist newspaper published in Britain.

An Open Letter to John Lennon

Dear John:

So they've done you after all. I didn't think they ever would. It's a nasty experience, and I offer you my sympathy, for what it's worth. But I hope you won't be depressed about it. In fact I hope this experience will help you understand certain things that you seemed a bit blind to before. (That sounds patronizing. But I can't think how else to put it . . .)

Above all: perhaps now you'll see what it is you're (we're) up against. Not nasty people. Not even neurotic, or spiritual undernourishment. What we're confronted with is a repressive, vicious, authoritarian system. A system which is inhuman and immoral, because it deprives 99% of humanity of the right to live their lives their own way. A system which will screw you if you step out of line and behave just a tiny bit differently from the way those in power want.

Such a system—such a society—is so racked by contradiction and tension and unhappiness that all relationships within it are poisoned. You know this. You know from your own experience, how little control over their lives working-class people are permitted to have. You know what a sick, evil, and brutalizing business it is to be a "success" in this kind of rat-race. How can love and kindness between human-beings grow in such a society? The system has got to be changed before people can live the full, loving lives that you have said you want.

Now do you see what was wrong with your record "Revolution"? That record was no more revolutionary than Mrs. Dale's Diary. In order to change the world we've got to understand what's wrong with the world. And then—destroy it. Ruthlessly. This is not cruelty or madness. It is one of the most passionate forms of love. Because what we're fighting is suffering, oppression, humiliation—the immense toll of unhappiness caused by capitalism. And any "love" which does not pit itself against these

things is sloppy and irrelevant.

There is no such thing as a polite revolution. That doesn't mean that violence is always the right way, or even that you should necessarily turn up on the next demonstration. (There are other ways of challenging the system.) But it does mean understanding that the privileged will do almost anything—will murder and torture and destroy, will foster ignorance and apathy and selfishness at home and will burn children abroad—rather than hand over their power.

What will you do when Apple is as big as Marks and Spencers, and one day its employees decide to take it over and run it for themselves? Will you let them get on with it? Or will you call in the police—because you are a businessman, and Businessmen Must Protect Their Interests?

One last thing. You've written some marvellous, honest, beautiful music. (And it's an indication of the weird effect capitalism has had on you that you felt it was necessary to pretend that in doing so you were only conning people.) But recently your music has lost its bite, at a time when the music of the Stones has been getting stronger and stronger.

Why? Because we're living in a world that is splitting down the middle. The split is between the rich and the poor, the powerful and the powerless. You can see it here, and in the jungles of Vietnam, and in the ghettos of the U.S. and in the universes all over the world. It's the great drama of the second half of the twentieth century—the battle for human dignity fought by the exploited and the underprivileged of the world. The Stones, helped along a bit by their experiences with the law, have understood this and they've understood that the life and the authenticity of their music—quite apart from their personal integrity—demanded that they take part in this drama—that they refuse to accept the system that's fucking up our lives.

You did it for a bit when you were taking acid—the only time in your career when you stepped outside the

cheeky chappy slot the establishment had slid you into, and the time when your music was at its best. But they didn't bust you (why not, John?), and the way was open for you to come to represent not rebellion, or love, or poetry, or mysticism, but Big Business.

But after all, they still hate you, even if you are a company director. They hate you because you act funny and because you're working-class (in origin at least) and you're undisciplined and you weren't in the army and, above all, you've been going out with a foreigner. So now it's happened.

As I said before, don't be too upset about it. In an unjust and corrupt society there is no dishonour in being arrested, and certainly none of us on the left are going to think any the worse of you for it.

But learn from it, John. Look at the society we're living in, and ask yourself why? And then—come and join us. Yours fraternally,

JOHN HOYLAND

A Very Open Letter

To John Hoyland from John Lennon

Dear John:

Your letter didn't sound patronizing—it was. Who do you think you are? What do you think you know? I'm not only up against the establishment but you, too, it seems. I know what I'm up against—narrow minds—rich/poor. All your relationships may be poisoned—it depends how you look at it. What kind of system do you propose and who would run it?

I don't remember saying "Revolution" was revolutionary—fuck Mrs. Dale. Listen to all three versions (Revolution 1, 2 and 9) then try again, dear John. You say, "In order to change the world we've got to understand what's wrong with the world. And then—destroy it. Ruthlessly." You're obviously on a destruction kick. I'll tell you what's wrong with it—People—so do you want to destroy them? Ruthlessly? Until you/we change our heads—there's no chance. Tell me of one successful revolution. Who fucked up communism - christianity - capitalism - buddhism, etc? Sick heads, and

nothing else. Do you think all the enemy wear capitalist badges so that you can shoot them? It's a bit naive, John. You seem to think it's just a class war.

Apple was never intended to be as big as Marks and Spencers—our only reference to it was to get the kind of deal we used to get from this nasty capitalist shop when we were downtrodden workin' class students and bought a sweater or something which was reasonably cheap and lasted. We set up Apple with the money we as workers earned, so that we could control what we did productionwise, as much as we could. If it ever gets taken over by other workers, as far as I'm concerned, they can have it.

When I say we con people—I mean we're selling dreams. Friends of mine like Dylan and Stones, etc. who are doing their bit would understand what I said—ask them—then work it out.

The establishment never slotted us into a "cheeky chappy" bag, dear John—we did—to get here to do what we're doing now. I was there, you weren't. So suddenly the papers told you we were taking acid—two years after the event! So you decided that our music was best then. You're probably right about why they didn't bust me before—they, like you, had me "tagged" I'll tell you something—I've been up against the same people all my life—I know they still hate me. There's no difference now—just the size of the game has changed. Then it was school masters, relatives, etc.—now I'm arrested or ticked off by fascists or brothers in endless fucking prose.

Who's upset about the arrest? OK, I'll have a cup of tea. I don't worry about what you—the left—the middle the right or any fucking boys' club think, I'm not that bourgeois.

Look man, I was/am not against you. Instead of splintering hairs about the Beatles and the Stones—think a little bigger—look at the world we're living in, John, and ask yourself: why? And then—come and join us.

Love,

JOHN LENNON

P. S.: You smash it—and I'll build around it.

The group
that gave you posters, trick records,
Arthur Godfrey, jam sessions and
the blues, now gives you country/rock,
a little roll and some more blues,
MOBY GRAPE '69 pure and simple.

INCLUDING
TRUCKING MAN
DAY TODAY
HOOCHIE
OOH MAMA OOH
SEEING
BETWEEN THE
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LOOSEN UP NATURALLY with
THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN

their first album – so much to say it took 2 LP's
(but it's priced like one)...on records...on tape...on Capitol.



Capitol

VISUALS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BARON WOLMAN

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

*Stop Christian Wars**Gardens, Not Battlefields**I told You So in My Book—Religious
Bigotry and Political Corruption Bring
War on God's People.*

On a hill overlooking Haight, there lies a psychedelic garden of rocks, succulents, Victorian garden sculpture and brightly painted signs that cluster together like beds of brilliant flowers. The garden began blossoming long ago, when the Haight was still a neighborhood of markets, butcher shops and working stiff taverns with western music juke boxes and shuffleboard tables; it has weathered the area's rise and fall and remains flourishing, like the markets and shops and taverns with shuffleboard tables. And its creator, Peter M. Bond, 88-year-old artist, author and pamphleteer, Counselor on God's Law and head of a largely one-man Crusade for World Peace.

Bond's Peace Garden occupies an old-fashioned oasis of urban open space, a

narrow plot sandwiched between frame sidings and receding back from a busy thoroughfare. The street-front is a collage-like jumble of rocks and signs, morning glory, bird baths, gaudily painted Victorian cherubs. Through a fence, a gate opens to a weathered wood staircase that drops down a steep hillside, past narrow terraces of rough rocks and cement encrusted with mosaic fragments of broken china and gilded glass, a jungle of potted succulents, grass, old windows; here and there rise spires, columns and broad leaning pickets of old wood, converted from junk into folk art by brightly daubed colors.

There are more signs nailed on the delapidated fencing or standing on stem-like sticks: graffiti—"Evolution is God's Law," "Seminaries Breed Impractical Men"; admonitions—"Don't Pay for Religion," "Love Your Enemies"; some simply bearing names of historic person-



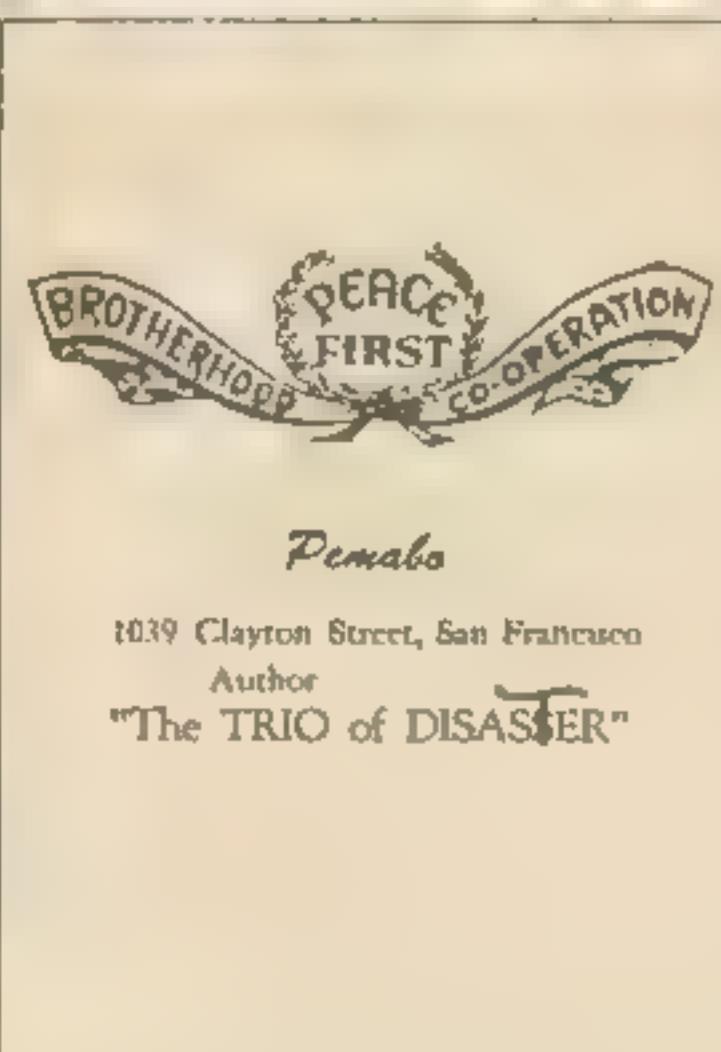
Cisco State College.

"ROLLING STONE? That's the name of a band, isn't it?" Bond retains a trace of Australian accent, though he arrived in San Francisco the year before the 1906 earthquake. He speaks deliberately, choosing words carefully and with frequent pauses, as if always conscious he is being quoted, or quoting himself; often he is quoting passages from a book "Trio of Disasters," a lengthy broadside against government, religion and academia which he authored several years under his pen name, Pemabo.

Pemabo will talk forever about his philosophy, a not unusual amalgam of old-fashioned religious Free Thought and philosophical anarchism, tempered with Victorian straight-lacedness and crusty eccentricity. Bond himself is much more interesting. What makes his philosophy meaningful is the uniquely visual form it takes in his environmental folk art, which is less an expression of dogma than of a spontaneous delight in the natural world, in making common, everyday objects into things of beauty.

In contrast to the orthodox religious—or anti-religious—not or political fanatic, Bond is devoutly pro-life, although one can hardly call him an 88-year-old hippie, or proto-hippie, either. "A lot of them come here," he said. "I try to do what I can for them. I quote what Shakespeare said about how wonderfully made is the human body; you must preserve and not destroy it, and this is especially important now, with LSD, marijuana and other drugs. They are a blight, a pimple on Father Time."

Bond grew up in the slums of Sidney, where he later went to Sidney Technological College and learned "sign painting and decoration." He says he was born "with what I term extra-sensory perception" and had "a very enlightened beginning." His parents were nominal Methodists, but their main creed was "do what's right." Bond said he first heard the threat of hell-fire in a church





CHRISTIANS Please Answer!

Pope Paul and Archbishop of Canterbury do not agree. A Bible to guide is part Jewish and part Christian. This state alone brings confusion.

My Son and "Pa, I think I'll write another Bible." (He was a lawyer, - admitted to the California State Bar 1934 after graduating from Law School at Santa Clara University). I said, "all right Peter go ahead." Having made a start I present his first and only thoughts he wrote in 1938.

A Sunnyvale City Judge and Sunnyvale Township Judge, also Mountain View Police Judge



sermon one Sunday. Afterward, he had to scratch around the waterfront for stove wood. "I thought to myself, 'How could I burn in hell eternally without something there to burn?' I dismissed the religious threats and began to be a Free Thinker."

By the time he was 18, Bond was a committed pacifist; he talked his older brother out of going off to join the Boer War. After graduation from college "with honors and first prizes," he worked, "got my widowed mother out of the slums and into a nice home opposite Sidney University." At 24, he got married and, "comparing Queen Victoria with the enlightened inception of the Forefathers of America," he came to the United States.

Bond said he "lost everything" in the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Later,

he "almost died" in the big influenza epidemic. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends," Bond quoted Shakespeare to point out how his whole life pattern seemed to lead up to his Crusade. "The many coincidences were stepping stones." He worked for years as a sign-painter and decorator, earning "sustenance" pay; at the same time, he "adapted" himself to small scale investments. Meanwhile his first wife had died; in 1945, he married again and moved into his present home. "At a time when most men of 65 are in the doldrums of retirement," Bond began to plant his Peace Garden. The large cypress tree in the back of the yard was planted to mark the birth of the United Nations. "The tree is now almost 50 feet tall and the United Nations is almost dead."

Bond's crusade is a curious mixture

of evolutionary optimism, cynicism, cussedness and an ironic, resigned humor. "I'm helping in a metaphysical revolution, not a physical one," he says, and quoted his most recent sign: "Luther Reformed, Pemabo Clarifies."

"Force has been used to settle disputes all the way from the caveman up to Christianity. One of my signs says 'President Johnson' - I'll have to change that to Nixon - 'Is an Insane Christian Paradox.' You cannot be a commander-in-chief and be a Christian. Washington, Moscow, and Jerusalem are the three major places that need clarifying. God's law is a law of relationships. What is the answer? Intelligence. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all else will follow.' The kingdom of God is the kingdom of man."

Bond's crusade has frequently been fired by battles with neighbors and officialdom. Neighborhood complaints over a large Christmas Peace sign last year erupted in a cross-fire of letters to the City Attorney's office, in which Bond evidently had the last word when the matter was quietly dropped. He has had less success in a running, eight-year battle with the San Francisco Public Library to have his "Trio of Disasters" placed on the shelves. "I'm still pushing the matter," he said.

Bond's literary efforts often expand into pamphlet form, although one of his best is as terse as his signs. It says simply "God Never Said or Wrote Anything."

Bond has been painting for almost 40 years; his landscapes, animal studies and wild fantasies fill every corner of his home, a Victorian-style network of dark-paneled rooms filled with overstuffed furniture and clutters of papers and correspondence. He has lived there alone since his second wife died nine years ago.

A few of the paintings reflect Pemabo's Crusade, but the best are distinctly, personally, Bond, painted in a painstakingly detailed manner, a mixture of primitive naivete and subtle sophistication. One of his most monumental paint

ings is a huge, primitive "memory catalogue" of Golden Gate Park. At its center is a fantastic boat, borne by black swans, in which the "Muse of the Park" lies dreaming. Her dreams are indicated by golden rays that end in views of the bandstand, Japanese Tea Garden, museum, conservatory, windmills and all the other park attractions, laid out like a pictorial map. It resembles somewhat Hieronymus Bosch's "Garden of Worldly Delights," but it is a happy Bosch, if this can be imagined.

In "XMAS 1945-Haight and Cole," the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood is meticulously portrayed as it used to be, in full Christmas dress with business signs and delivery truck emblems all precisely lettered. Bond's studio, a sun porch which he built onto the house himself, contains a huge mural of Point Lobos which looks almost as real as the view of San Francisco Bay out the opposite window. Bond pointed to a painting that was currently in progress, "The Return of the 49ers to San Francisco"; the city lights glow out of a darkened night sky, while the foreground is filled with ghost-like figures of miners and a stagecoach.

"I'm killing time constructively," Bond said, reflecting on his life, which he terms "this journey through the stars." He fingered a book on the history of religion. "Fifty per cent of the world's population is sick, physically and mentally," he said. "Exclude the superstitions from children. Don't frighten them, tell them the blessings of what they do."

Bond went back outside to finish edging the lettering of his latest sign. It seemed that the admonition was less important than the example. The ideas expressed in Bond's graffiti have been common currency in places like London's Hyde Park and Chicago's Bughouse Square for generations. But Bond has made his world a garden, and this is something only a creative man with an abiding delight in living can ever hope to do.

"About these two albums I just heard. There's this chick, Leonda. She's got this voice you might hear out on a bayou somewhere. It's misty and deep and beautiful and she sings like she wants you to really understand her."

"She wrote most of the songs so there's a lot about her to understand."

"This other chick, Anna Black, is something else. She makes you feel all the things that you're sometimes afraid to feel."

"And she sings the blues like she wants you to sing along with her. Really heavy stuff."

"What do you say we go get the albums and go up to your place for a listen?"

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probe

records with that good, good feeling

Mystic Number National Bank (Probe 4501 S)

Appearing: Grande Ballroom, Detroit April 11-13

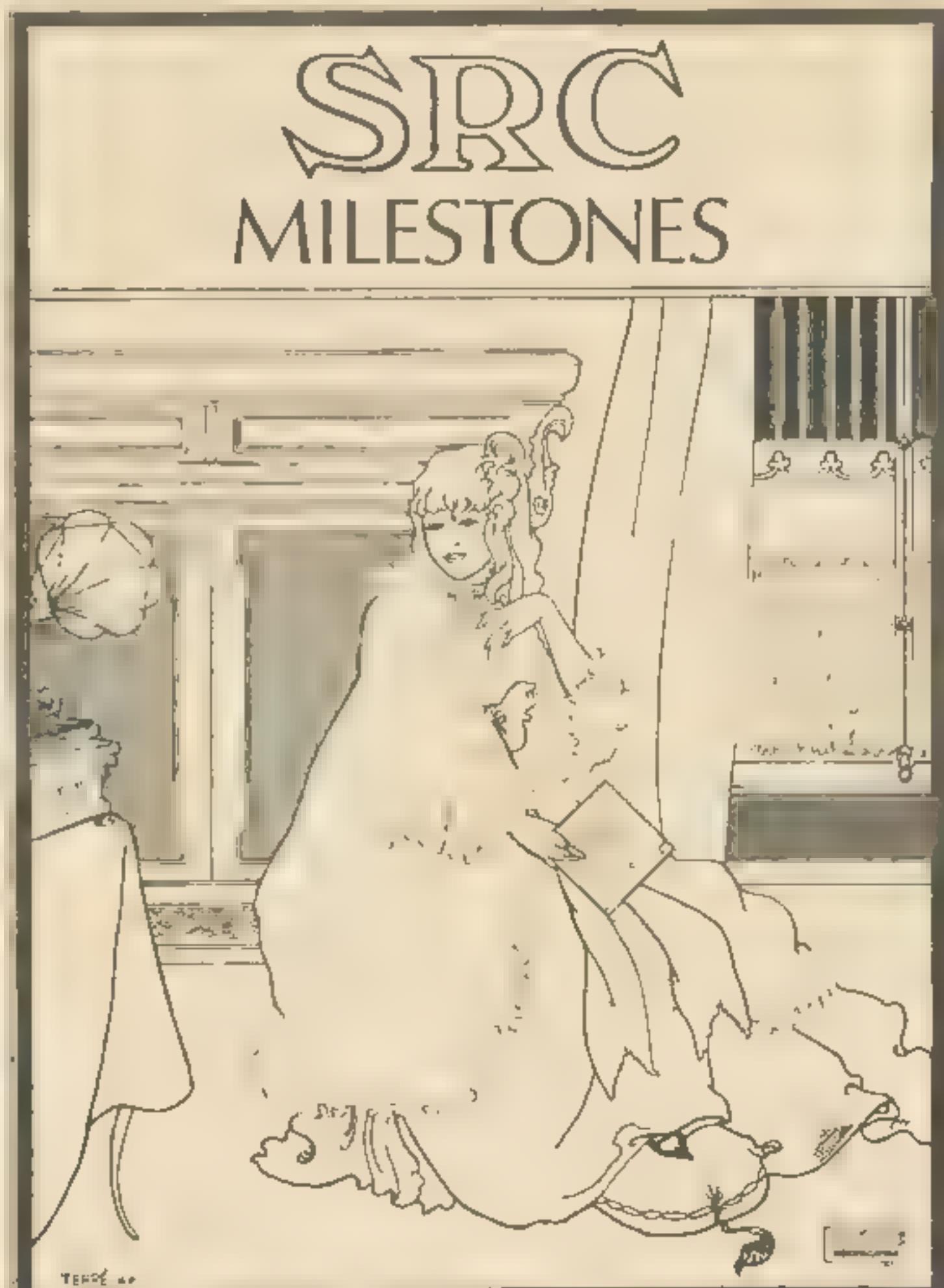
Kinetic Playground, Chicago April 18-20

Command

Moog

The Electric Eclectics of Dick Hyman (Command 938 S)

The first pop album from the Moog Synthesizer



This is Capitol in April.

RECORDS



BY EDMUND O. WARD

THE Stones have one. So do the Beatles and the Beach Boys, not to mention the Electric Flag. Columbia Records has two. They've also been used by such prominent composers as Henri Pousseur, John Cage, Tod Dockstader, and Walter Carlos. They're in use at about a hundred colleges around the country. And no matter how you cut it, the Moog Synthesizer is going to be The Next Thing.

It is the complete electronic music machine, capable of imitating any known musical instrument (even the human voice in the more sophisticated models), and able to produce any known sound, provided the operator knows how to set the machine up correctly. The basic elements of this process may be learned in a few hours by anyone with a small amount of musical knowledge, but it should be stressed that the Moog Synthesizer is a genuine musical instrument, and, like all genuine musical instruments, feeling out the nuances and mastering them may take a lifetime. Although Moog Synthesizers have been used for Bach, rock, and television commercials, their main function so far has been for the composition of electronic "serious" music, but if you have a musical idea that you can conceptualize clearly enough, whatever it is, the Synthesizer can help you realize it.

The man to thank is Mr. R. A. Moog. Moog founded his company in 1954, and located it in Trumansburg, N. Y., near Ithaca. The company's first product was the Theremin, which was invented in the Twenties and has since enjoyed a vogue of sorts with people who liked freaky sounds to go along with science-fiction movies and such. Not a hot-cakes-seller, to be sure, but something to keep the bread flowing while working on other things. Ten years after the introduction of his first instruments, Moog got together with a composer named Herbert Deutsch and, after many months of hard work, the now-famous Moog Synthesizer was born.

The idea behind the synthesizer was really very simple. A composer of electronic music needs certain instruments for a basic setup. For him to have to spend hours hooking them up and calibrating them only to find that that sound is not quite what he wants and then to have to go back and unhook and re-

calibrate and re-calculate—that makes for an awful lot of extra-musical energy expended, not to mention time which could doubtless have been more profitably spent. And with a setup like that, for every composer making electronic music, there were probably four who would have liked to. But, composers being the simple, untechnological types they by and large are, they were turned off by the running around and hassling that seemed inescapable when working with the medium.

So Moog got together with Deutsch and many other composers (eventually over a hundred in all) and decided what should go into a good synthesizer and how it should go in. Among the things they decided were that it should be easy enough to operate so that the average (dum Dum) composer could perform even the most complex operation fairly simply, that it should be precisely calibrated so that 6 on one dial corresponded exactly with 6 on another dial (making it easier to work with a score as well as convenient), and that it should be lightweight, portable, and "esthetically pleasing." From the looks of things, Moog solved these problems brilliantly. The biggest synthesizer available is only 52 1/2" long, 24" high, and 13" deep, it does everything that anyone has yet thought up for such an instrument to do, and it's not bad looking, as synthesizers go.

So what does it do? To that in a moment, but first a little review of some basic concepts. As you may have guessed, the Synthesizer makes sounds, and we all know that sounds are vibrations—the more per unit of time, the higher pitched the sound is. However, no musical sound is pure (flute comes close), and the difference between a given note played on a clarinet and the same note played on a trumpet, say, is the fact that besides the fundamental tone, the signal generated by each instrument has its own peculiar blend of harmonics—unheard but not unperceived tones both higher and lower than the fundamental—giving the tone its distinctive quality. The frequencies (number of vibrations per second) of these harmonics bear a fairly strict mathematical relationship to the frequency of the fundamental one. Now, what Synthesizers (and electric organs and phonographs and electric guitars, one way or another) are all about is the production of a frequency—any frequency—a pure frequency to begin with—elec-

tronically. This is fairly simple, at least in theory. You merely design a circuit that oscillates, or vibrates at either a variable or fixed frequency. Then, by adding harmonics, you build the type of sound you want. That's the tough part, and that's where the genius of the Synthesizer comes in.

Basically, then, the Moog Synthesizer provides a very compact version of what is known as the classical electronic studio, which consists of various types of signal generators (frequency producers), modifiers, and mixers. Moog instruments employ a system known as voltage control in all of their operations. Voltage controlled instruments produce a voltage as a signal that may be controlled by other voltages from other instruments, and which varies in step with them, permitting rapid amplitude (loudness) and frequency change, making calculation and calibration a veritable snap.

If you don't fully understand the last paragraph, don't worry—it just means that all the parts of the Synthesizer are standardized down to a T, which eliminates a lot of the hangups composers had had in the past.

Now, signal generators provide the basic frequency or pitch, and are of two types—single oscillators and white noise generators. The oscillators are variable and each one can provide any single frequency in the audible range. There are three basic timbres, or sound-textures, that can be provided by these oscillators: sine, triangular or sawtooth waves. They're named after the way they look on an oscilloscope, and each has a different sound due to the harmonics present. A fourth kind of oscillator provides a pulse wave, which differs from the rest in that it has no rise or fall. Being basically just a timed electric impulse, it is most useful for tying into another frequency or tone to make it appear at given intervals. For instance, a pulse wave of one pulse per second tied into a tone makes that tone appear once every second. Of course, this wouldn't be possible without voltage control.

The last signal generator is the white noise generator, which provides a signal consisting of all frequencies being randomly produced more or less simultaneously. It sounds like a hiss, and is most useful when used in combination with filters that cut out certain of the frequencies. This principle has been around

a while, and is the basis of the electric organ, which may be thought of as a simple and highly specialized synthesizer. Now, by adding and mixing different kinds of intensities of signals, sounds of every conceivable timbre and texture can be made.

The next step is to take your sound and modify it. To begin with, an "envelope" is put on the sound, giving it an attack (beginning), duration, and decay (end). For instance, a sound that rises to maximum volume in .01 second and decays in one second would have a very percussive sound to it. Also, a sound with a gradual attack and sudden decay would have the same *shoop* type of effect that is associated with running a drum track backwards on a tape recorder.

Another useful modifier is a filter. This is a device that passes all frequencies below or above a certain "cutoff" frequency, depending on whether it is a lowpass or highpass filter, respectively. With Moog's voltage control system, a voltage which is monitored (made audible) would give a tone of a certain frequency if used as the control voltage in a filter; that tone will be the filter's cutoff frequency. If the frequency is doubled, so is the cutoff point. Another blessing of voltage control. The operations this feature can perform are amazing. For instance, a rapidly rising and decaying control voltage of this sort when applied to a lowpass filter modifying a sawtooth wave sounds very much like a plucked string—take my word for it—and by carefully selecting the harmonics involved in your basic tone you can produce a violin, steel guitar, or sitar sound. Of course, as with any musical instrument, it takes a bit of practice. One final modifier familiar to most rock guitarists is the same type of spring-type reverb unit used by many amplifier manufacturers.

All right. Now we've got the sound planned out and set up. The obvious next step is to trigger it off. Two types of triggering mechanisms are provided as standard equipment. The "linear controller" is a flat metal band stretched over a resistance ribbon. It is played by touching the band with the finger and sliding it up and down the length of the ribbon to change the pitch. This type of pitch controller is found in the Ondes Martenot, one of the earliest electronic instruments, and is not recommended for playing in wet socks on a

—Continued on Next Page

metal floor. The keyboard controller is a standard five-octave organ keyboard, but there are some important differences. Since one volt equals one octave on Moog instruments, when the voltage to the keyboard is applied to an oscillator, the difference between the voltage supplied by two consecutive keys is 1/12 of a volt, just as the difference between the two frequencies is 1/12 of an octave in our normal Western musical system. But in classical music nowadays no one is forcing you to stick to that system if you don't want to, so the intervals between the keys are variable by 10% in either direction.

The implications of this feature for rock, incidentally, are staggering. Another little button to the left of the keyboard proper is labelled "portamento" and controls the amount of time that it takes one note to glide to another. Unfortunately, the keyboard that is standard equipment with the synthesizer at the present time is a "monophonic" keyboard, capable of producing only one voltage at a time. Several "polyphonic" keyboards, which function in the same way as a regular organ keyboard, able to generate several voltages at a time, have been built, but these must be specially ordered and constructed.

One further triggering device is a set of eight or sixteen controls that can be programmed to sequence a series of predetermined events, and which will trigger them over and over until stopped. This device is quite a handy time saver, as other operations can be performed at the same time, thereby eliminating an extra step in preparing the final product.

Now, if these features are not enough, Moog and his Merry Men design custom features. Of course, it costs. Things they have done in the past include special manual controllers like Theremin-type antennas, touch sensitive controllers, hook-ups to computers and paper tape readers, systems to process live material, synchronizers for live performers, and position-sensitive antennas such as John Cage used in a performance of his "Variations V." I am quite sure Moog would be delighted to hear from rock groups interested in integrating a synthesizer with live performance.

Fifteen years ago, Moog started out with a handful of people—about a dozen or so. Today, the company is still very modest, employing about three dozen people. The Synthesizers are built slowly with a great deal of care, and before each one goes out it is left on for a week and then dropped on the floor. "This procedure," a company representative told me, "helps to locate any construction flaws and insures that the instrument is rugged." Prices on Moog Synthesizers range from about \$3500 to \$8000. A giant mother with all kinds of special features, but they won't sell you one unless you've had ample opportunity to play with one and fondle it. To find out how this might be best accomplished, you can write to them (R. A. Moog Co., Trumansburg, N. Y.), or go to Trumansburg yourself (phone ahead) and talk with them.

And for those of us who are not financially endowed to the point that we could consider such an expenditure, but are nevertheless interested in this machine, may I recommend an album that has recently been released by Columbia, entitled *Switched-On Bach*. This features electronic composer Walter Carlos and musicologist Benjamin Folkman interpreting Bach on a Moog Synthesizer with a polyphonic keyboard and many overdubs. Some of the cuts are simple Two-Part Inventions which could probably be performed live on a polyphonic keyboard, but there are also "transcriptions" of orchestral works, including the Third Brandenburg Concerto, which is the highlight of the whole album.

The job these two have done is tremendous, and the sonic experience is a real joy. Pedants can jaw all they want about authenticity and an aesthetic revolution—as a showoff record for the synthesizer, a popularization of Bach in the most tasteful manner possible (contrast the Swingle Singers, Jacques Loussier, and other jazz-Bach attempts of a few years ago), or something to put on instead of a rock record, it makes it. It also is very conducive to starting one thinking about doing this kind of thing oneself, a process I recommend starting as soon as possible. After all, it wouldn't be at all surprising to see these things starting to appear at popular prices soon.



Glad I'm in the Band, Lonnie Mack (Elektra EKS 74040)

Lonnie Mack is an incredible guitarist and a superb singer, and *Glad I'm in the Band* in no way sells his talents short. If this isn't the best rock recording of the season, it's the soldest.

More than raw talent, Lonnie Mack exhibits a commodity in rather short supply in contemporary rock—solid accomplishment. He's been doing what he's doing for many years, and it shows. He possesses a well-developed style. This is no recorded search for a musical identity, but rather a clear demonstration of skill.

Basically his music is country rock. But along the line he picked up and grew with the style of Memphis soul, with the result that some of his music is roughly comparable to early Elvis, some of it to contemporary Stax-Volt, and much of it an amalgam of the two.

If that's not terribly clear, it's partly because Lonnie Mack is musically an individual. But unlike the army of self-styled individuals in rock, Lonnie Mack is not posturing or reaching. He is there.

Glad I'm in the Band has only one instrumental on it, "Memphis," the same "Memphis" that was No. 1, nationally, for Lonnie in 1963. It's the first cut on the album and it gives you a fair idea of his powerhouse guitar.

But it's in the breaks and accompaniments on the other tracks that his experience is evident. For one thing, he knows when not to play. His taste and judgment are super-excellent: every aspect of his guitar bears a direct relationship to the sound and meaning of the song. It's never impersonal and it's never cheap.

The choice of songs is awfully good. They're completely worked out and handled with a rare competence. The back-up itself is great. The outstanding quality of the total sound is the care given to arrangements made around a series of very gritty, funky songs.

The heart of the songs is Lonnie Mack's vocal treatment. He is a present master of the slow ballad: His voice is strong without straining and of great range and personality. He does a couple of his own compositions, "Why," and "She Don't Come Here Any More," which are remarkable both for the power of the vocal and for the complete absence of any hip hardness. They're so direct that they'd be embarrassing if most anyone else tried to do them. The same goes for a few others—"Old House," and "Stay Away From My Baby." He sings with great heart and soul, the kind that's rare in rock and generally overdone in country. He brings it off incomparably well.

You can do your part by listening to it.

ALEC DUBRO



Happy Trails, Quicksilver Messenger Service (Capitol ST 120)

On the cover of what is presumably Quicksilver's last album is a delightful picture that might remind one of the old Frederic Remington paintings of the Wild West; the lettering is done in pure

Thirties World's Fair script; on the back are the members of the band in pen-and-ink, their cowboy portraits matching their sound; there are even little pictures of Coit Tower and the Statue of Liberty. It's Quicksilver's version of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, on tour from sea to shining sea.

It begins with an entire side dedicated to Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love," superbly recorded at the Fillmores East and West. Quicksilver has been doing this number for some years. Now they have taken Bo Diddley's horror story and come back with one of the best rock and roll recordings to emerge from San Francisco, a performance that captures all the excitement and grandeur of the great days of the scene in a way that is almost too fine to be real. If rock and roll really will stand, as the Showmen sang, it will be music like this that makes it that way.

Quicksilver goes into it at full speed, John Cipollina's guitar alternately harsh and sweet, clashing with Gary Duncan's rhythm, Greg Elmore's drumming simple and solid, never an iota of sloppiness, not a note missed. They use the infamous Bo Diddley rhythm not as a crutch, not as something for the rhythm section to play with while the lead takes it; Quicksilver finds dimensions of that "bump buddy bump bump—bump bump" beat that no one has even suggested before, as they stretch it, bend it, move around it, as a motif or a bridge, as an idea rather than as a pattern.

The vocals are wild and screaming, like on the first Moby Grape album, but with the singing constantly jerked in like a zipper pulled hard. This combination of vocal anarchy and almost vicious timing pushes everything just past that point where one thought the limits were.

Describing this song is almost like trying to explain the plot of a movie by Godard; it opens with some of the finest hard rock ever recorded, then moves fast through a Bloomfield-like solo by Gary Duncan (but with an edge on it), then into an interlude of yelling and shouting by the audience, the participation of the listeners almost like a "found object" out of Dada, a beautiful example of the kind of communication rock and roll is all about. Cipollina takes over again, the excitement flashes, and finally David Friberg and his bass slowly take it apart and put it back together, with the chilling words whispered and hissed out to the audience—"graveyard mind . . . don't mind dyin'"—the tension builds and they hit it all at once, guitars harder and harder. Elmore pounding, voices screaming, everything working. By the time the band yells "Bye!" to the audience it's just not to be believed.

There is another side to this record: "Mona" comes off very well, as do two compositions by Gary Duncan which closely resemble "The Fool." *Happy Trails* closes with Dale Evan's "Happy Trails," which was a nice idea. But it took me two hours to even get to the other side.

GREIL MARCUS

slightly lopsided friends called the Hand People. I don't know where they have been for all these years, but here they are, playing music which is probably indescribable but reflects quite accurately the aura of those years.

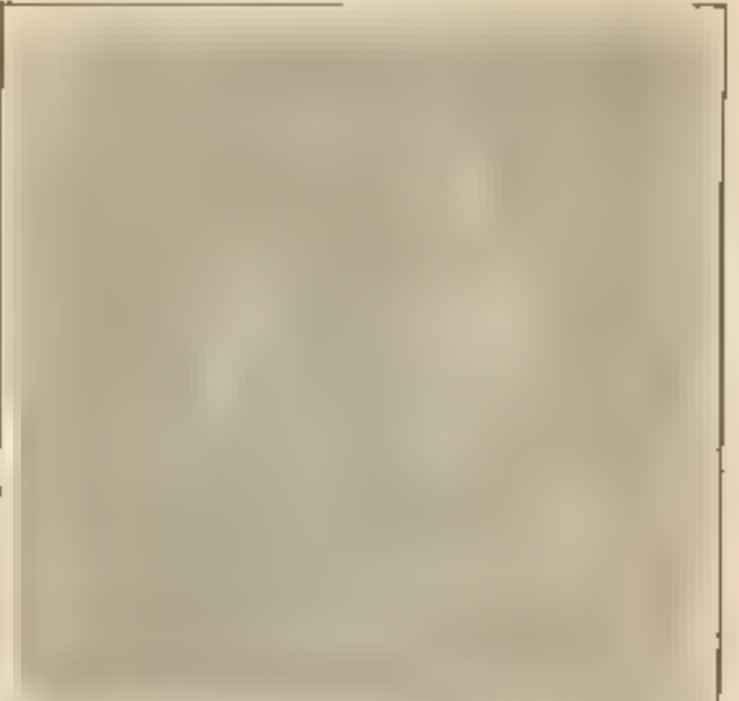
It is electronic country, a kind of good-time music played by mad dwarfs, and it is really good to listen to. There is no tension here, no jarring forces at war with each other. It may be strange that New York, the city which deifies speed and insanity, could produce this music, but it is as if Lothar and the Hand People have gone through this madness and come out on the other side, smiling.

The album itself is very subtle; it has few highlights. In a way, the whole thing seems to run all together, yet when you really listen, each song is totally individual. I think the reason for this is that there is a kind of total concept working here, a sort of over-all tying together. The cover goes with the liner notes, which in turn goes with each song which in turn goes with each of its neighbors. Each part is itself, while also interwoven with the other parts. Organic, perhaps, is the word to use here and it's as good as any.

So, the parts I like. Well there's a fine version of the Everly Brothers' "Bye Bye Love" with Lothar doing little steel-guitar riffs in the back. There's another nice thing about "Kids are Little People" "Milkwood Love" is sort of strange, haunting. And "Paul, In Love" is one of the most beautiful things I've ever heard. Simply

But talking about this album in pieces is wrong. For as there are wonderfully right things in each of the parts, there are things that don't come off as well—some vague electronic doodlings, misplaced lyrics, etc. But again, these are pieces and the whole of this album; the perfect roundness of it all is what is really fine. Lothar and the Hand People have a spirit about them which pervades all they do. And after awhile, you'll see, it doesn't matter what they do, because the spirit is sort of happy and a lot of fun to be with. It captures a New York time when something happened that denied the concept of a city. And something which can do that, which can overcome the smoke and noise and confusion, is to me something very valuable to have.

—LINNIE KATE



Black Pearl, Black Pearl (Atlantic SD-8220)

At first listening these two albums might not seem to have much in common beyond the fact that each is the respective group's debut and that both groups work in and around L.A. However, they are relevant to each other and to the scene today, both as exercises in ersatz and examples of the pitfalls of style.

Of the two, the Illinois Speed Press is much superior technically, having just entered that almost-satisfying period of transition between being a routine unembellished grits-and-metal band and the supposedly higher plane of "artistic"

experimentation and composition. Black Pearl, on the other hand, is grits-and-metal all the way, crude and primitive and ungainly. And I like Black Pearl the best.

There is certainly not much to distinguish Black Pearl from thousands of other bands. Their songs, fuzztone riffs off banal soul runs, blur into an indistinguishable succession of guitar screams and choked grunts by the vocalist. Perhaps the only thing that sets them apart from most of their competitors in this market is that Black Pearl never try to be anything other than what they are. No sound effects, no extra instruments, no arty arrangements or artier "chance music" effects, no solemn Quicksilverish seven-minute "ragas" on the same set of scales; not even any Blue-Cherian storms of sludgy feedback. They just jump into each song, grinding and grunting and doing what comes natural. I hated the album the first time I heard it, but I really dig it now. Maybe because it is nothing special.

The Illinois Speed Press, whose most distinguishing characteristic seems to be an extremely strong Buffalo Springfield influence, do not fare so well. Trying for more, they satisfy less easily. Technically their music is far superior, although so familiar in its recitation of the Springfield - Moby Grape - Steppenwolf "Desperation" riff as to be barely heard the first four or five listenings. Their songs have a certain variety that Black Pearl's lack, and all are competently arranged with the exception of a nerve-grinding "collage" type bummer called "Overture." "Pay the Price," for instance, is a nice rocker on a theme similar to a song with the same title on the first Springfield album, and "Be a Woman" pulsates with a great strong chopping beat, but something vital is lacking from the proceedings here.

Somehow it all sounds tired and more than a little forced. All the albums like this one, by their very mundane competence, somehow suggest that the whole rock revolution is running out of steam at its zenith. Give me the raunchy faceless street-clatter of the Black Pearls any day; ironically, it seems to be in the very lack of artistry in groups like these that the hope of rock as an art form lies.

LESTER BANGS

crowded. There are no musicians listed on the cover, no attempt at proving authenticity, and the music frames a voice with more feeling for country songs than that of Judy Collins or Joan Baez, a voice a bit like Janis Joplin's, but influenced more by June Carter and Patsy Cline.

She has several different voices, really, and uses her most down-home treatment on four very good cuts. On "We Need a Whole Lot More of Jesus (And a Lot Less Rock and Roll)," there is the best integration of instruments, particularly in the break. The vocal on this and on "The Only Mama That'll Walk the Line" hints at humor without falling into self-parody, a temptation for rock singers doing country tunes. She obviously feels the music without entirely believing it; the former is, after all, in this arrangement, a rock song.

"Break My Mind" goes all out, nice and loud but tasteful. The vocal, especially in the refrain, is pure, un-self-conscious — she uses few tricks, employing resonance with restraint. "Silver Threads and Golden Needles" is perfect for this kind of arrangement, and probably could still sell a lot of copies as a single. For obvious reasons, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" is hard to do, and the band tries a little too hard; it is really a much looser song. But the lead guitar and particularly the harmonica are superb, the latter really getting into the laziness of the song.

Nice, loud "good-time," country-styled rock. Finger-popping time.

JACK EGAN & ARTHUR SCHMIDT



She Still Comes Around (To Love What's Left of Me), Jerry Lee Lewis (Smash SRS-67112)

This one's even better than *Another Place, Another Time*, Jerry Lee's previous country album over which yours truly waxed ecstatic a few issues back. For one thing, the chorus here is used quite tastefully and with restraint, the first time to my recollection that Jerry Lee has had adequate vocal backup. Such numbers as the title song and especially "To Make Love Sweeter For You" show the care and expertise that went into the arrangements and mixing of the chorus; often the backup voices are nearly indistinguishable, but throughout the album they give the listener a distinct perception of richness added to Jerry Lee's expressive voice.

Jerry Lee Lewis has never sung better than he does on *She Still Comes Around*. The mature and moving emotional projection that he exhibited on his previous album is surpassed here by a deepened, even more evocative delivery and an increased range of effectiveness. His truly soulful voice is forceful from falsetto to the deep resonant tones he puts out in "I Can't Get Over You." The graceful strength and ease Jerry Lee has often shown on piano has been equalled in this newest album by the powerful fluidity of his voice.

Most of all, however, it is the piano work that really gives this album its strength. Unlike the previous LP, *She Still Comes Around* features the piano as it should be, up front and strong. The piano dominates all the way through and makes enjoyable even such undistinguished numbers as "Let's Talk About Us." Jerry Lee Lewis has always been one of the most amazingly skillful piano players around, a fact that long escaped many of his most ardent fans perhaps because his shrieking, screaming vocals and generally freaky, evil-sex image dominated their attention. However his piano virtuosity should no longer go unnoticed, for on this album he truly outdoes himself. His solos are so melodically supple and flow so rapidly as to seem beyond the range of human dexterity. Dig, especially, the breaks on "Release Me" and "There Stands the Glass": They're hard

to believe. His machinegun glissandos are nothing short of outrageous in their accuracy and timing; there are dozens of these insolently beautiful maneuvers filling in every available and many seemingly non-existent spaces in the music. And, of course, as his own accompanist Jerry Lee provides, especially with his strong left hand, the perfect framework in which to display his beautifully gifted voice.

Once again, the unnamed sidemen on this album deserve much credit. The bluesy country fiddle and the somewhat muted steel guitar add much to every cut on the album. The two work together especially well on the album. The two work together especially well on "Out of My Mind" and the Rusty and Doug classic, "Louisiana Man."

Jerry Kennedy's production of this album approaches perfection. Without once resorting to overdone techniques or flashy tricks he has put together a consistently exciting and moving LP. The Lewis-Kennedy team has put out two dynamite country albums within a year. Hopefully they will continue to release more country records, but it is hard to believe that they'll be able to surpass the technical and musical artistry of this fine album.

ANDY BOEHM



The Big Huge (Elektra 74037)
Wee Tam, the Incredible String Band (Elektra 74036)

After the crystal excellence of *The 5000 Spirits*, the Incredible String Band lost direction on their next album, dabbling in diffuse, overblown ballads. Now, the Band has returned with their greatest string of musical jewels ever.

There isn't a poor or throwaway cut anywhere. Robin Williamson's rambling ballads are tightened up, and move along purposefully. "Ducks on a Pond" is his greatest master-jewel since "My Name is Death." The song opens with simple folk accompaniment surrounding the lattice-work lyrics, shifts into a children's skipping song, and swings into a country style, with kazoo, harp, and piano. Even the lyrics are happy: "Farewell sorrow, praise God the open door, I ain't got no home in this world anymore." Printed on the sleeve, it seems to divide into three or four separate songs, but Williamson welds it all into one.

Some of the other songs seem lyricaly obscure, but they make sense after a careful listening, and the performances always explain and breathe life into them. "Lordly Nightshade" is particularly notable musically. The transition from verse to chorus, where the harmonies come in, is really sweet, and above all, right for the song. There is a space of Robin jamming with himself on guitar, piano, and drums, and he plays as if he's been together for years. Even the most seemingly fragmented track, "Maya," ties up in the chorus: "All the world's a play, be thou the joyful player."

It is "The Iron Stone" that best illustrates Williamson's improvement since "Hangman." There are a lot of rhythm changes and special effects, but the song hangs together and never drifts into the tedium of "Three is a Green Crown."

"The Circle is Unbroken" is another lush melody, paced by organ and flute, with Irish harp (imagine a sound midway between sitar and autoharp) ending each line. The sheer beauty of the performance is overwhelming.

Robin has also done a cathedral number, "Mountain of God," fully echoed, sounding like a full choir backed with a huge pipe organ. Very apropos, since all the lines are snatched from various hymns.

Only the String Band could have done "The Son of Noah's Brother," all sixteen seconds of it, and made it sound like a complete song instead of a fragment. They should release it as a single.

Mike Heron's songs are a whole other thing. While his partner explores the mad side of the moon, he's grooving on "Air" and "Puppies" and his "Log Cabin Home in the Sky." He's a lighter, more relaxed singer than Williamson, and his songs reflect this light attitude.

"Log Cabin" is my favorite song by a group that doesn't really produce favorite songs. It's a simple country piece, using guitar, washboard and two fiddles; with simple polished lyrics: "Now there comes a time to every man/when he must turn his back on the crowd/when the glare of the lights gets much too bright/and the music plays too loud/when a man must run from the deeds he has done/recalling those days with a sigh/now winter is nigh let us fly/to my log cabin in the sky." The song is frankly derivative, but beautiful.

"Cousin Caterpillar" is closer to the String Band "style"; simple, direct, and pithy, celebrating life and taking changes easily, radiating love. Organ dominates "Air" with the flute and guitar off to the sides, in a seeming remake of "Mountain of God." There is the same full echo, the choir cathedral feel, but it's done lovingly.

But Heron can be as serious as Williamson when he wants to; just listen to "Douglas Trarber Harding."

That's the Incredible String Band; radiating love, they burn out all your fears.

DANNY NOOGER

Sunglasses

The air is interesting
My sunglasses today.
Last week they were

Interested by the sea.
In my sunglasses
I look like Grandma Moses

Wearing sunglasses
And interested by the sun,
The air, and the sea.

How hungrily
She looks at the world
Today!

Is it a child's wisdom
In the colorful pine tree
That throws itself upon
Grandma Moses?

On her back she fades back
Into the sandy land
And changes slowly to silicates.

How interesting she seems
To my sunglasses
Who cry "O Daughter!"

—Tom Clark

Not the Way

Love's not the way to treat a friend.
I wouldn't wish that on you. I don't
want to see your eyes forgotten
on a rainy day, lost in the endless
purse
of those who can remember
nothing.

Love's not the way to treat a friend.
I don't want to see you end up that
way
with your body being poured like
wounded
marble into the architecture of those
who make
bridges out of crippled birds.

Love's not the way to treat a friend.
There are so many better things for
you
than to see your feelings sold
as magic lanterns to somebody
whose body
casts no light.

—Richard Brautigan

Things to Do

Get Hep.
—Lewis MacAdams

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EXPERIENCED PIANIST required by established Canadian rock trio. Must have electric piano & amp, good vocalist, able to pick up other instruments. No ordinary group. John D. Smith—988-3561, 144 West 3rd, North Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

DRUMMER WANTED — 285-1550, San Francisco.

YOUNG DRUMMER in desperate search for creative, outstanding, patient musicians. 599-0036, Malverne, N.Y.

COUNTRY SINGERS & musicians (male or female) wanted by lead player formerly with International Submarine Band for modern electric country group. J. Nues, W. Cornwall, Conn. 06796.

WANTED LEAD guitarist for hard rock band—competent, organized, reliable, cooperative. Robert — 325-1545, Alan — 325-9581, S.F.

WANTED: GIRLS (age 14 and up) for all-girl rock band. Pref. musical background, not essential—we will supply instruction, equipment, organization & original material. AJ—326-9581, Don — 326-1545, S.F.

MUSIC: VARIABLE in form, content. Rehearsals every Monday 7:00 PM. 824 Holloway Ave., S.F.

BASS, SINGER wanted for new Blood, Sweat & Tears type band in Phila. area—must be experienced. Into jazz as well as rock, have good equipment and chops. George—GE 5-4785, LO 7-8081, Philadelphia.

FEMALE SINGER — dancer wants work with hard rock blues band. Over 17, ready to travel. Sandy—322-6235, Sacramento, Calif.

GIRL SINGER (jazz background) wants practice with acidrock musicians. Have some material. Patricia—LI 2-4600 or LA 3-8378, Boston.

LEAD GUITARIST, bluesrock needs heavy organist & drummer for 3 man group. Alex—JU 8-1696, S.F.

ENTHUSIASTIC CHICK vocalist seeks hard soulful R&B group. Want badly to sing. Marsha Goldman (after 5)—SM-1742, S.F.

COUNTRY/ROCK guitarist wants to form folk-rock group. Joe—637-2310, Hayward, Calif.

LYRIC WRITER completing work on 1st album seeks composer or group in need of words. Stanley Barn—743-2937, 3 Becklow Road, Shepards Bush, London, W. 14 England.

NON-WINE DRINKING/lyric poet for creation of new hard rock only need keyboard or guitar that can write. John—CT 5-5688, room 502, New York.

ATTRACTIVE NOVICE girl singer wants to join rock or R&B nonpro group. Cheryl—TE 1-4928, Manhattan.

PIANIST / ORGANIST, 21, experienced rock, jazz, arranging. Desire work with serious working or potential pro group anywhere. J. Owen — 948-5619, 13631 Burke, Los Altos Hills, Calif.

DRUMMER, ORGANIST wanted for highly electrified dynamic-rock band with little equipment. Will take anyone below 21, guy or girl; must want to do original music, stay with band to become pro. Quentin Llorente — 465 Cypress Ave., San Bruno, Calif.

OUTRAGEOUS GUITARIST, into jazz chords, many foreign bags. Also rhythms, needed for jungle-rock band doing the cosmic joy nature-style. Iasse—332-1625, Sausalito, Calif.

WILL SCORE and prepare your songs for copyright. Call Paul—626-6473, Berkeley.

WOODSHED DRUMMER available, 8 yrs. jazz-blues-rock exp. Working (or near) group of sincere musicians. Have equip. can travel, sing backup. Thomas Richards—383-1712, Mill Valley, Calif.

GUITARIST/ORGANIST for blues only. Electric piano OK, vocals help. Harp—SE 2-4517, Long Island, N.Y.

VOCALIST SOUGHT over 17, fan of Who, Dead, Cream etc. By guitarist, drummer and bass. George—LA 5-0653, 3177 Darby Road, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

NEED HEAVY drummer, keyboardist; guitarist/bassist; black percussionist; film maker; singer/dancer/actor. Male and female, creative types with desire to act; no draft or moonlighting. Auditions — 346-2335, S.F.

DRUMMER NEEDED for newly formed hard rock group. Michael—396-2094, 1514 Pacific Ave., Venice, Calif.

CONGO DRUMMER with Latin, jazz experience needed for original Latin Jazz material with singer-guitarist. Must be 21. 431-6232, San Francisco.

NEED RHYTHM, lead & bass guitarist, organist, 14-17, to form rock group playing all hit songs going down in rock. Dig Creedence, Deep Purple, Doors, Cream. Paul—RE 4-8275, Manhattan.

KEYBOARD PERSON—versatility more essential than virtuosity. Baroque to blues to gospel. Syntaphis Rock Band—457-1555, Lagunitas, 1270 12th Ave., S.F.

GIRL LEAD singer wanted for all-girl band, also organ player/singer. Cornel Barn—473-4501, 2506 Corinth Ave., Los Angeles.

DRUMMER WANTS to start 3-man band, heavy, loud & serious. Have equip. Mike—681-8773, San Francisco.

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CRAZY FLUTE, electric soon, wants to jam. Enjoy Traffic, Chas. Lloyd, Champion Jack Dupree, Steve Deutsch—327 2747, Palo Alto, Calif.

MUSICIAN NEEDED by singer/composer for songwriting team, poss. group later. Craig Davidson — 711-9840, 1482 Sutter No. 322, San Francisco.

VOCALIST / MUSICIAN, prefer female, sought by established working Bay Area band with agency help. Must have it together. Ted—525-8290, Berkeley.

BLUES GUITARIST, exp., wants working Southside band; like Buddy Guy, Magic Sam, E.B. Steve — WA 7-1447, 233 E. Pariston Dr., Philadelphia.

ORGANIST SPOT in working SF electric group; exp., professional, enjoy group situation. Hammond provided. 526-0739 or 626-3327, San Francisco.

LIGHTSHOW OPERATOR & 5000 watts of light, 120 slides, will work with any type group in NY area. Completely adaptable, very cheap. Steve—WA 7-3080, New York.

DEDICATED BLUES bassist looking to get together with blues musicians in NY area. Chuck—(616) 676-8247, 671-5248, Glen Cove, N.Y.

WANTED: GUITARIST/singer (18-22) to join quartet with unique sound, gigs and connections. Tom—425-4422, San Rafael, Calif.

BANJO PICKER, formerly with Greenbrier Boys, seeks gig with country-rock group. Can sing, double guitar & bass; no draft, OK road. Bill—523-2798, Alameda, Calif.

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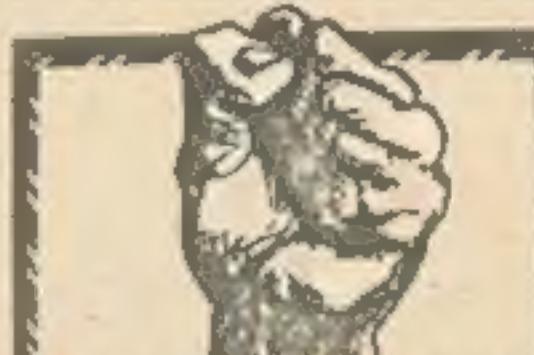
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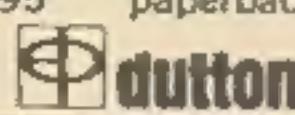
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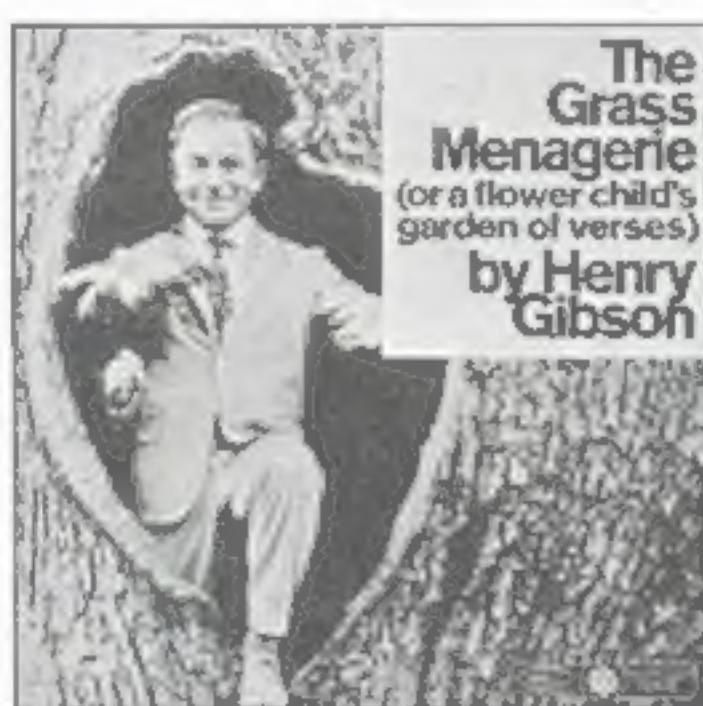
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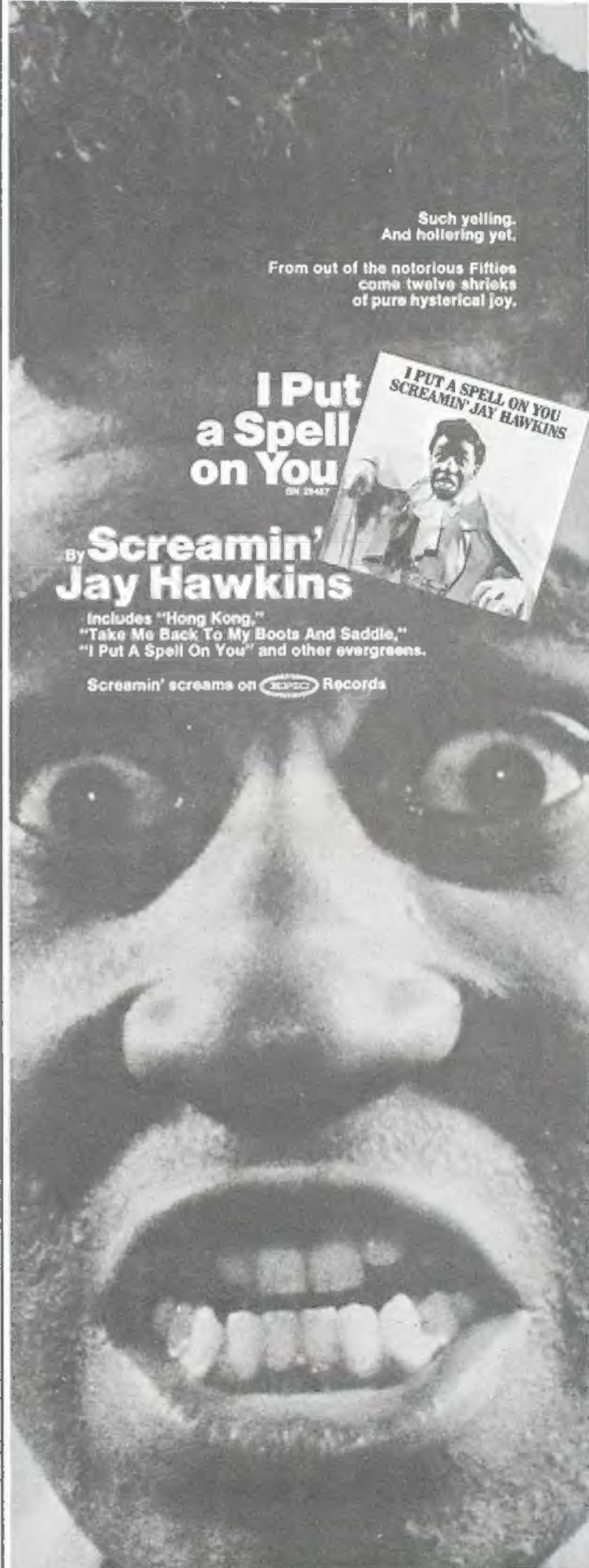
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